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IT is a safe guess that more American citizens are vitally interested in the situation created by the Prohibition Amendments than in all other political questions put together. Certainly as a source of inspiration for humorists, professional and amateur, it long ago took the palm from mothers-in-law, Ford cars, and the Erie Railroad. And humor has taken none of the edge off the controversy on the merits or demerits of prohibition; that, if anything, grows more acute. Into that controversy we desire to intrude one suggestion. It is that the Federal Government, or one of the existing research foundations, or a group of public-spirited citizens, should establish a commission of inquiry composed of men and women experienced in scientific methods of investigation who, by careful research, should study and report upon the social effects of our experiment in prohibition. Amid the din of conflicting asseverations by violent partisans as to the effect of prohibition on crime, insanity, material prosperity, and general community well-being, we learn almost nothing as to the facts. The survey we have in mind could not be completely satisfactory; large areas of the subject might have to be excluded as incapable—at least at this time—of scientific examination or of non-dogmatic conclusions; earnest men on either side might still assert that their faith rested on principles which quite transcend pragmatic tests. Nevertheless, for those who believe that prohibition can only be defended by its success in protecting society from the harm done by alcohol, competent social inquiry would be invaluable. It would aid in the formation of an intelligent public opinion to which in the long run we must trust for the enforcement, modification, or repeal of the Prohibition Amendment.

FOR years we have listened to gibber about upholding the Constitution and vituperation from high places directed at those who question the sanctity of our present form or method of government. Last week the Senate of the United States demonstrated how dearly that august body cherishes the Constitution. Senator Reed Smoot, and former Senator, now Representative, Theodore E. Burton, were declared ineligible to act with Charles E. Hughes and Herbert Hoover as members of the Refunding Commission by the majority of the Senate Judiciary Committee. It declared the appointment to be in violation of Section 6 of Article 1 of the Constitution, which says: "No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States, which shall have been created or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased during such time." The Senators voting against confirmation made it unmistakably plain that they had the highest personal regard for Messrs. Smoot and Burton, and held their qualifications for the posts to be unexceptionable. Nothing in their vote could possibly be construed either as an affront to President Harding or to the candidates to whose new offices neither great honor nor political advantage is attached. Yet the Senate promptly confirmed the appointment by a vote of 47 to 25, essentially a party vote. Three Republicans, Borah, Norris, and La Follette, voted to uphold the Constitution. To be sure there was also a minority report and some room for division of opinion. But it is very plain from the various opinions submitted and from the character of the vote that violating the Constitution was the least of the Senate's concerns.

WHEN a public official secures the dismissal of the grand jury which has found indictments against him, and forcibly removes from office the district attorney who is charged with the duty of prosecuting him, he commands, if not our approval or respect, at least a sort of wonder that such things can be. By this interesting process Governor E. Mont Reily of Porto Rico has so far avoided the necessity of facing a court on extremely serious charges of misconduct in office. He has applied the law of Judge Lynch to the law itself and has achieved what they used to call in the old days "a rough sort of justice"—very rough.

"I'll be judge, I'll be jury,"
Said cunning old Fury.

Such things are easy in the land of the immortal Alice and in our own outlying possessions.

NOW the Haitians have "elected" a new president. He has been selected by the Council of State, a hand-picked body whose appointment by the President of Haiti is revocable at his will and pleasure. The legality of this election,

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even under the illegally and fraudulently imposed Franklin Roosevelt constitution, is more than dubious. It derives whatever possible justification may be alleged for it from Article II, Section 8, of the "transitory dispositions" appended to that Constitution, which states that pending the assembling of the Haitian Congress, the Council of State may assume legislative functions. The Haitian Congress has not been allowed to assemble since it was dissolved by General Eli Cole, U. S. M. C., in 1917, because it refused to vote that very Constitution. Could chicanery go further? The new president-"elect," Louis Borno, is, as might be expected, of the same type as his predecessor Dartiguenave, whom the United States preferred in 1915 and who has been held in place ever since by American bayonets. It was Borno who was picked as Haiti's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs after other more patriotic cabinet officers had resigned following "the military pressure" exercised by Admiral Caperton and his withholding of all funds. It was Borno who then signed the Haitian-American Convention and other demands for which the American military occupation sought to obtain the appearance of legality. We may expect that the new "government," headed by so pliant a tool of the conqueror, will approve the pending Haitian loan, the popularity of which may be judged by documents published in the International Relations Section this week.

IRELAND though superficially divided into hostile camps has so far avoided open civil war. Negative as this gain is, it is very real. The one hope of Ireland is a process of healing from beneath and that process requires time. Labor has already publicly denounced the attempt to substitute government by guns for democratic processes. With labor seems to agree a very considerable portion of the inarticulate mass of the people. It is encouraging also that the rival Irish factions have not yet succeeded in getting much support for civil war from the rank and file of Irish-Americans. Ireland's salvation depends upon a repudiation of military dictatorship and a saving recognition of the ghastly folly of civil war. It is entirely in the power of the rival factions by agreement to obtain a fair vote on the Treaty after free discussion. The group of armed fanatics, however sincere, which refuses to let the people decide has nothing but sorrow to bring to Ireland or the world.

FROM Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations:

> To those colonies or territories which as a consequence of the late war have ceased to be under the sovereignty of the states which formerly governed them and which are inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world, there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization and that securities for the performance of this trust should be embodied in this Covenant.

It is good to reread some of these fine bits of prose from the Treaty of Versailles now and then. It will be recalled, apropos of this sacred trust of civilization, that in the course of its application to Syria General Gouraud drove King Feisal out of Damascus, and has since ruled Syria with the aid of some 60,000 conscript soldiers, most of them from the French African colonies. The estimated cost of the French occupation, up to the end of this year, according to the Commission on Foreign Affairs of the French Senate, will be 2½ billion francs. Just what blessings this huge expenditure brought to Syria we have not been informed; now we learn that martial law has been proclaimed in Damascus, that a Syrian Nationalist demonstration was routed by French tanks and machine-guns, and that many Syrians have been killed and wounded. The man who wrote of the "strenuous conditions of the modern world" certainly knew what he was talking about.

ONE of the constructive achievements of this Administration was the creation of an executive budget to guide Congressional appropriations. That budget proposed an expenditure of $27,600,000 on the improvement of rivers and harbors. The House of Representatives by a vote of 172 to 75 has raised the amount to $42,800,000. It is a reasonable assumption that the increase represents "pork" for the folks back home. But even if that assumption were to be proved false the increase would be a serious blow at scientific budget-making. The Government is a corporation which spends something over $4,000,000,000 annually, all of which money has to be taken in some way out of the citizens' pockets. Yet the officials who are responsible for estimating expenditures are never called before the directors who vote the expenditures and consider ways of meeting them. No business corporation could remain solvent under such mismanagement. This latest blow to sound government finance calls attention to the value of two suggestions: (1) that there be open, visible executive leadership in matters of national finance and administration; and (2) that the budget be prepared by the Executive and explained and defended by Cabinet officials on the floor of Congress. In a recent referendum conducted by the National Economic League the first of these proposals received 96 per cent of all votes cast and the second 95 per cent. Neither requires a constitutional amendment but only a public opinion strong enough to break down Congressional jealousy and the lobbying of the special interests who profit by log-rolling.

AMONG other subsidies sought from a generous government or already paid by it is one to the silver-mine owners. The government is now coining some 200,000,000 "peace dollars" out of bullion whose market value is about 65 cents an ounce but for which the Treasury is paying one dollar. That means a subsidy to silver-mine owners of over $73,000,000 for the privilege of minting coins of doubtful popularity for which there was no obvious demand or need. This situation came about because of the Pittman Act, passed during the war, which authorized the Treasury to melt down the silver dollars not in circulation in an amount not to exceed 350 millions and sell them as bullion at a dollar an ounce to the British government for use in India. The act further provided that silver should be repurchased from domestic producers at the same price. But silver, which at the time of the passage of the act was selling at a trifle above one dollar an ounce, soared higher and higher in price. Only comparatively recently did it fall below a dollar. Then the producers cheerfully turned to the government and began to collect their subsidy by selling above the market price. Even now, Mr. John Parke Young of the Princeton Graduate College states, millions could be saved if the purchasing law were repealed. Whether or not there is an implied contractual obligation which would prevent this repeal is less important than the light the episode sheds on the importance of protecting our monetary system from the kind of private profit making the Pittman Act made possible

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SENATOR SMOOT of Utah has long considered that his duty was to collect for a few thousand sugar-beet growers in his State the largest possible tariff subsidy from a hundred million of his fellow-citizens. That in the process he also brought Cuba to verge of ruin never bothered him. Recently, however, if we may credit a circumstantial story in the New York *World*, he thought of Cuba long enough to propose to the Cuban Government a tariff of $1.40 per hundred pounds on sugar if Cuba would agree to reduce her production to 2,500,000 tons for the present year. The Government declined this proposal though at an earlier date before the new crop was planted the Cuban Commercial Commission had in despair suggested some such arrangement to relieve Cuba's plight. Thereupon Senator Smoot fought in the Finance Committee for a $2 rate, but largely through the efforts of Senator Calder of New York the Committee fixed the rate at $1.60. In the battle of conflicting American economic interests Cubans may cynically reflect that the luster of American generosity in giving her a qualified independence has been sadly tarnished. For Cuba is ground between the upper and nether millstones of American capital which wants to exploit her soil and labor to raise sugar and American capital which wants to close the door to the one market for her staple crop.

THE Genoa Conference has let loose in the press several small smokepuffs of anti-Bolshevik propaganda. Our own dependable Civic Federation, for example, has popped into print with the startling story of the existence of a sort of mystic union between William Z. Foster and Nicolai Lenin and has named the resulting menace "the Lenin-Foster movement." The aim of this movement is to "revolutionize" the American Federation of Labor and to "oust Samuel Gompers as president because of his protest against recognizing Soviet Russia." It takes an organization like the Civic Federation to announce to the world in columns of type all the things Mr. Foster would have it know. He would, no doubt, deny the fantastic reports of his connivance with Lenin, but we ourselves suspect him of a desire to eliminate Mr. Gompers. The fact is, he has said so time and again, but never with as much effect as when his aims were put into the New York papers by the Civic Federation's kind intervention. *The Nation*, too, believes that Mr. Gompers might well be retired, for other reasons besides his Russian policy, and that his organization might adopt a more radical, enlightened, constructive attitude toward industrial problems. We call the attention of the Civic Federation's publicity manager to these dangerous and inflammatory sentiments and request that he denounce us too.

THE Office Gloom insists that whenever we palpitate with joy at some step toward justice or human happiness we are in time compelled to correct ourselves. "Nearly two years ago," he says, "you praised Judge Anderson's opinion denouncing Palmer's spies and liberating prisoners made in the red raids; it has been reversed by a higher court. Then a few weeks ago you cheered for the Kentucky courts; you said they 'kept the scales balanced' because while one Newport court 'enjoined the strikers from intimidating strike-breakers another enjoined the State troops from interfering with the strikers' meetings.' But the second injunction was promptly vacated." "But," an optimistic editor replies, "you will remember that we were too gloomy about Peru. We reported a copper-riveted 40-year 8 per cent $15,000,000 loan, guaranteed by American control of the customs revenues and administration, as fastened on Peru, whereas despite reports in the financial papers the loan was not consummated and is not yet." "True," replies the Gloom. "Too true; do you know why? Because the copper rivets were not strong enough; the bankers wanted better terms." The optimistic editor feebly interposes "Are you sure?" "No." The Gloom is frank. "But that is what my broker friends tell me is the gossip; and experience of bankers and Latin-American loans gives me small ground for doubt."

TRANSCENDING everything else at Genoa is Chicherin's silk hat. Previous to the departure of the Russian delegation, the dispatches tell us, there was much earnest confab on the subject of dress. Lesser details were easily arranged but on the major issue of the proper kind of hat the Communist Party split wide open. After a furious debate between the pro-toppers and the anti-toppers, the former won and 150,000,000 rubles was voted to each delegate with which to buy a silk hat. The purchases were made in Berlin, but that did not end the difficulties; Chicherin absent-mindedly left his topper behind at the Austro-German frontier. By stopping the Bolshevist special and telegraphing back, the headgear was finally recovered and the Commissar for Foreign Affairs was able to appear on Main Street, Genoa, properly housed under the conventional silk hat of bourgeois civilization. Thus did democracy show its acumen, for it has long been observed that whereas a spokesman of privilege may be careless in his dress, he who hopes to last as a representative of the proletariat must be scrupulously exact. The successful Tammany Hall politician never makes the mistake of attending a funeral or a wedding except in a tail-coat and a top hat. It is still too early to say whether Genoa is to be a funeral or a wedding for Russia, but at least Chicherin has done his duty. Dangerous socialists are always wild-eyed and long-haired. Nothing that Chicherin says in a silk hat and spats will be regarded as subversive. Russia is on the right road at last, and at Genoa or later will be welcomed into the fellowship of the respectable and well-dressed. Dollar diplomacy may be possible for well-established Americans, but for a pariah like Russia nothing succeeds like a silk hat.

WELL, it appears that motors and gasoline have not extinguished human sympathy for horses. Clover, a Hambletonian of Catawissa, Pennsylvania, fifty-one years old and still robust, as such things go among fellows of his breed, was about to be done away with because his aged master could no longer afford to keep him. One equine-interest story in the New York *World*, and all that was changed. Gifts came in from every quarter—pecks of money to buy pecks of oats and bales of promises to buy bales of hay. There is even enough left over to support his master—a retired clergyman—and mistress, who, the wags all say, can henceforth live on Clover. The tables are thus changed: the master will subsist upon the crumbs which fall from the horse's stable. If wishes were all horses, this seems to show, masters, even ministers, could ride. Keep your horse, Poor Richard almost said, and your horse will keep you. The church which the Rev. Mr. Myers served for many years has not done so much for him as has Clover, who served him. Swift, often censored for his Houyhnhnms, smiles blandly in his ironical nook of Heaven.

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The Tariff Habit

THE report of the Senate Finance Committee makes it clear that the Republicans mean to put through an old-style protective tariff. There will be a long fight before any bill passes the Senate, and after that another fight to reconcile the Senate bill with that passed by the House nearly a year ago, but in the end, whatever the details of the law, the party which swept the country by 7,000,000 plurality will offer as its supreme contribution to a new economic order a tariff of the vintage of the early nineties. The arguments to support the bill are in themselves a melancholy confession of social incapacity. For a limited number of industries—coal-tar dyes and medicinal products, long-staple cotton, hemp, certain chemicals, optical glass—the consuming public is to pay a subsidy into the pockets of the producers because their industries are necessary to make us self-sufficient in the next war which we fought the last war to make impossible. In other industries we are to have protection against the pauper labor of Europe and so make it more difficult for Europe to move toward economic prosperity. We are adding to our own cost of living (1) in order to make possible the commercial warfare which high tariffs symbolize, and (2) to subsidize industries necessary for the physical combat which tariff wars help to bring about. Truly it is a sorry world if such organization of economic exclusiveness—ourselves against the world—is the part of wisdom.

In reality the high tariff is as foolish from the standpoint of national prosperity as it is from that of international ethics. The United States is the world's creditor. She has given evidence of desiring to collect her debts. They must be paid, if at all, in goods against which the tariff shuts the door. Nor is it merely a matter of debts. Those might in large part be forgiven; there would still remain the problem of future trade. A Department of Commerce report on the basis of the eight months ending March 1 indicated a balance of international trade in our favor—that is, an excess of exports over imports—for the ensuing twelve months, of $1,200,000,000. Yet with this balance we are being told that we must be protected against competition! Despite this so-called favorable balance of trade, the total of exports and imports in 1921 was only about half as great as in 1920. The stagnation of industry is due not to foreign goods in our markets but to the inability of foreigners to buy our goods in sufficient quantity to fill their own needs and to keep our workers busy. Farmers have not been burning corn in the West because of imports of goods from abroad but because starving Europe cannot buy the means of life. While the agricultural bloc joins in tariff log-rolling, the Federation of Farm Bureaus proposes to send missions abroad to stimulate the sale of American food products. The world, in other words, is treated to the extraordinary spectacle of a campaign for foreign trade waged by a nation which makes it as hard as possible for its customers to pay for the goods it wants to sell.

It is a significant fact that a high tariff is no longer desired by many of the most powerful of our overlords, the great bankers and manufacturers. They understand thoroughly that if we are to export and be paid for our exports we must permit imports as well. How then is it possible for such a program to win support? Only because the tariff has become a habit and still appeals to cupidity and ignorance. Certain manufacturers who fear competition and find it easier to survive by subsidy than by efficiency add together their selfish fears and demands. Privilege-seekers make common cause and impose upon popular credulity. The result is the tariff.

The case of the farmer is particularly illuminating. The emergency tariff has been in effect for more than a year without rescuing him from his distress. He needs cooperative marketing, scientific credit, the restoration of world trade, a fairer system of land tenure, and instead he is offered the gold brick of a tariff on which even the gilt has worn thin. The official stand of the Farmers' Conference at Washington was that there should be equality of treatment for manufacturers and farmers. Some of the speakers made it plain that that demand might be as completely satisfied by free trade for both groups as by high tariff. In spite of the new tariff bloc headed by that great sheep raiser, Senator Gooding of Idaho, the farmers' interests as producers and consumers would be more truly served by free trade all around. It is, of course, true that farmers who specialize, not in staples like wheat and corn but in sugar beets, potatoes, lemons, sheep, and some other products may temporarily profit by a tax on food and wool. But they will do so at the cost of the consuming public. The United States is becoming primarily an industrial nation, and its standard of living can only be depressed by subsidies to food-growers and lumbermen. Instead of protecting America from a pauper standard—imagine the absurdity of such an argument as applied to goods coming from Canada, which would be hard hit by the proposed tariff on food!—these new subsidies will tend to pauperize America.

Many city dwellers who want no tax on food are impressed by tales of the danger of German competition in manufactured goods. Their fears are vain. German costs of manufacturing are low but the raw material that she must buy abroad can only be purchased at prohibitive prices. Our markets are not swamped with German goods. If in the future real danger should arise from a nation reduced by Allied demands to the living standard of a slave nation, the obvious remedy would be to remove the conditions that make the workers toil at so feverish a pace. We can trust to the desire of the German workmen for a living wage to do the rest. Internationalism of labor is a surer cure for the competition of exploited workers than a tariff subsidy to the manufacturers, who would be far more likely to collect it from the consumers than to pass it on to the workers. The consumers, did we say? In the orthodox Republican theory of the tariff the consumer, who is every man, is conveniently forgotten; yet he, not the foreign producer, pays. And sometimes he, long-suffering worm that he is, has turned. An uneasy recollection of that fact prompted the tariff makers to number instead of lettering the schedules; but the indefensible Schedule K on wool by any name will cost as much. The country has never enrolled Messrs. Payne and Aldrich, makers of the last Republican tariff, among its heroes. Still less will it remember gratefully either the statesmen who in this hour of desperate need of international commerce propose to erect higher tariff walls, or the business men who expect prosperity not from America's unequalel natural resources and her skill in organization but from subsidies levied on the consumer.

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The Battle of Genoa

The net results of the first phase [of the Genoa Conference] are clearly to the advantage of the Bolsheviki. In less than a week, face to face with the Entente under the command of Mr. Lloyd George himself, they have obtained three important successes. First, they have been admitted to the Conference on an equal footing, which is equivalent to recognition. Second, they have given nothing in exchange; their claims remain intact; they have signed no engagement, either political or financial. Finally and most important, the fate of the Conference itself has been put in the hands of Moscow.

THAT was the verdict of the *Temps*, the great semi-official Paris daily, even before the German-Russian treaty, so galling to French pride, was announced. If France admits a soviet victory it would seem to be real indeed. Yet one wonders why France should be so prompt to admit it. Chicherin's initial plea for disarmament gave him an advantage which he seems not to have lost. The Russian recognition of the Czar's debts in principle combined with their dramatic presentation of a counter bill for Allied damages several times as great was a brilliant follow-up. We know nothing of the statistical methods by which the Russians reached a total bill of 300 billion gold francs; we suspect them of being as sketchy as the studies upon which the original French claims for damages were based. But of their right to claim damages we are convinced. Some observers appear to have been amazed at the audacity of the Russians who, supposed to come to Genoa hat in hand as beggars, demanded more than recognition, gold—and as a right, not a concession. And indeed it is curious to think back from this Genoa Conference, where the bolshevik diplomats lunch and chat and sip tea and meet "by accident" in out-of-the-way places with the representatives of the elder capitalist nations, back to the days—only two or three years ago—when these same statesmen denounced Russia, preached the "cordon sanitaire," and provided arms, ammunition, and technical assistance to any freebooting Petlura, Wrangel, Semionov, or Yudenich who was willing to attack the very country with whose envoys they now parley so politely. Genoa marks a forward step by the very fact of these conversations, whatever other results it may have.

But Genoa seems to be more than a victory for Russia; it looks like a defeat for France. Nevertheless, things are not always what they seem; the reverses at which the French papers rage are primarily blows at French prestige; even the proposal of a moratorium on German indemnity payments seems to be coupled with a suggestion of a loan which would recompense France. It may hurt Poincaré politically if his loud *verboten* is violated; but it is unlikely to alter the direction of French policy. The keenest struggle of the Conference, and that about which least appears in the newspaper dispatches, is between the French policy of dividing Russia into zones for economic exploitation by her neighbors and their financial allies, and what has hitherto been the British policy of aiding Russia through an international consortium, which would be virtually a scheme to use Germany to exploit Russia for the benefit of the Allies.[1]

An extremely important and significant analysis of the economic and financial basis of French policy in Europe, by M. Francis Delaisi, was published by the New York *World* on April 16. M. Delaisi, known before the war for his studies of French banking, and more recently for his interpretative articles in *Le Progrès Civique*, traces French policy, whoever be the nominal head of the French Government, to the coal and steel interests dominated by M. Schneider of the Creusot munition works with their allied banks. These interests, he says, want continued control of the Rhineland primarily to give an additional market for the surplus products of Alsace which would otherwise compete with French manufactures, and they want the Ruhr less to dominate Germany than to secure their supply of the kind of coal needed for the Lorraine iron works. They are also interested in developing Silesian coal through their Polish connections and have acquired the great Skoda metal interests in Czecho-Slovakia. They have large oil holdings in Galicia and in Rumania and control the Hungarian railroads. Theirs has been the force which has attempted to shove Poland into the Little Entente and to wash away its anti-Hungarian fanaticism. Naturally they do not wish to see Germany rehabilitate Russia. They have their own factories, he says, at Russia's doors:

> The Ukraine and the Donetz region might be magnificent outlets for the products of the French textile mills in Poland and of the French metal industry in Czecho-Slovakia. The Slavs of both these countries would make excellent salesmen. It is not without cause that the Franco-Polish Bank is under the presidency of M. Noulens, a former ambassador to the country of the soviets. Therefore let there be no international consortium to restore a sound economic condition throughout all Russia but rather separate enterprises which, starting at the frontiers, may gradually penetrate the former empire by carving out zones of influence for themselves. Doubtless in this manner, while Germany does not pay and while French capital is flowing into foreign lands the reconstruction of our own devastated regions will be still further retarded. But the factories of Poland and Bohemia employing workmen paid with depreciated currency will make big profits. And what does it matter to these gentlemen that their factories in France are earning less if the capital they have invested in Eastern Europe pays big dividends?

Upon this deeper issue wages the real Battle of Genoa. Not the *petite bourgeoisie* of France, but the *haute finance* controls French diplomacy, and it is the former which has heavy investments in the Czar's bonds. The *haute finance* cares little for the small investors. It may use his bonds as a stake in a larger game; what it really cares about is the opportunity to exploit Eastern Europe. There are signs that in this struggle French diplomacy may be winning, even at the cost of an apparent defeat on reparations.

[1] See text of this proposal in International Relations Section of *The Nation* for February 22, 1922.

An Amazing Injunction

THE hope that the coal strike might be conducted in an orderly manner as an industrial controversy—without violence on the part of workers, operators, police, or courts—seems already to have vanished. The courts have proved to be the first serious offenders, Judge McClintic in the United States District Court in Charleston, West Virginia, having issued an injunction which, if upheld, must inevitably rouse the greatest resentment among union workers and sympathizers in a State whose recent history has been crowded with violence. The operators presumably pressed for the injunction because of the considerable number of non-union men whom the United Mine Workers had led to join the walk-out in Pennsylvania and a fear of similar inroads in West Virginia.

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Judge McClintic in his order of April 10 not only forbids further efforts to unionize the miners of West Virginia and the adjoining fields of Kentucky but he directs that the tent colonies in Mingo County be disbanded within thirty days. In these tent colonies—situated on land obtained for the purpose—the United Mine Workers are caring for some 2,500 men, women, and children who were ejected from company-owned houses when the strike (still effective) for the right to belong to the union was called in Mingo County two years ago. The residents of these colonies are without employment or funds and to disband the camps would be to exile these persons, jobless and penniless, from their own county and not improbably from their own State. It is difficult to conceive of any legal basis for Judge McClintic's order, and in any event it is so starkly inhuman, so evidently contrary to public welfare, that it stands easily as the most amazing piece of court-made law which the industrial history of West Virginia has produced.

That is saying a great deal, for in the last two years tremendous inroads into the normal rights of workers have been made in West Virginia. By order of the Supreme Court of Appeals of the State, the United Mine Workers are already forbidden to attempt to organize the miners in Mercer and McDowell counties. This action is based on the theory that to persuade a man to join the United Mine Workers is to urge him to violate the "yellow dog" contract which he is compelled to sign and by which he agrees not to belong to a union during the period of his employment. Precedent for the position is found in the Hitchman case, decided by the Federal Supreme Court in 1917.

The chief petitioner before Judge McClintic was the Borderland Coal Corporation, which also obtained the remarkable injunction from Judge Anderson in the United States District Court in Indianapolis last autumn, denying to the United Mine Workers the use of the check-off method of collecting dues. This decision was later virtually overthrown by the Circuit Court of Appeals in Chicago. It is to be hoped that the Circuit Court in Richmond, Virginia, will treat Judge McClintic's decision similarly.

Otherwise, unless the United Mine Workers are to dissolve in West Virginia, it is hard to see any course before them except to refuse to obey the injunction. If, in the interest of themselves and the labor movement of the whole country, they are forced to this step, they ought to take it as a body. To allow a few officers to go to jail would accomplish little or nothing. But if every man in the organization should participate in the refusal to carry out this amazing injunction, the order would be made ridiculous and impossible of fulfilment.

The Experts Have It

THE House vote, 177 to 130, for an 86,000-man navy instead of the 67,000 recommended by the Appropriations subcommittee is regarded as a personal victory for President Harding. It is also a victory for militarism. It is a severe defeat for the American taxpayer, and for the principle of disarmament. Acceptance of the smaller figure would not have reduced the navy below the 5-5-3 ratio established at the recent conference; nor does the larger number alter that ratio in favor of American naval preponderance. "Pacifism" never figured in the extended debates in the House. Representative Patrick H. Kelley of Michigan, who skilfully led the fight for the smaller quota, and his chief supporters, many of whom as veteran members of the naval affairs committee are on intimate and friendly terms with many navy men, made unmistakably clear their determination not only to keep the American navy in the position assigned to it—which they were not obliged to do—but to give it the benefit of any doubt. And their defeat in the face of the array of facts they presented indicates that the naval experts still have the final word on matters not of technique but of policy.

The figure which the experts urge as indispensable to keep the nation safe has undergone various transmutations. First the General Board of the Navy insisted that 113,000 were essential. Then the Secretary of the Navy proclaimed 96,000 as the irreducible minimum. Finally the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, also relying on the naval experts, declared that not less than 86,000 were needed. To these mobile claims the subcommittee opposed merciless facts. It declares for maintaining at full efficiency "an 18-battleship fleet with all the necessary destroyers, submarines, tenders, oilers, and tankers"; it then proceeded to add up the personnel carried on all these ships today—admittedly full complements—and all the existing jobs ashore. The total proved 2,000 short of the 67,000 proposed. Among the padded figures offered by various experts to explain the need for 86,000 men the Representatives discovered 100 men per ship equipped with spy-glasses to watch for submarines—in time of peace; 112 men per battleship to man anti-aircraft guns—a crew of fourteen for each of eight such weapons, while ten of the eighteen battleships have but two of these guns and the other eight but four. "After every essential place on shore was filled," the committee found, "when every man that is necessary for every navy-yard and training-school and hospital and everything else has been put in his place, they still had unassigned, performing no useful service to the government, 21,000 men." Against such facts the big navymen could reiterate only the broad assertion that one must leave the navy's needs to the experts. It was repeatedly brought out that not only do experts differ widely—as much as 400 men in their estimate of the number necessary to man a battleship—but that the same experts differ from themselves at different times.

A diversion in the form of a familiar bogy was created when one Congressman announced that men and not ships do the fighting and that "Japan has announced officially that the enlisted strength of her navy will be 68,252 or 1,000 more than the number proposed in the committee bill." Challenged as to the source of his information he referred with finality to the Bureau of Naval Intelligence. This cast a temporary spell over the House until the actual information was produced, to wit: "The Japanese Admiralty *is said* to be contemplating a reduction of 500 officers and 5,000 men. A proposed reduction of 5,000 men will be 68,252." By whom said is not revealed. But for many Congressmen anything from the Intelligence Bureau passes for unimpeachable wisdom. "Why have we an intelligence department if we cannot get reliable information?" asked one disillusioned Congressman after an omission of 19,500 marines from comparative tables was pointed out. Another replied "for fun." "For funds" would have been nearer the truth. The reason for an intelligence bureau in peace time is to keep up the biggest possible naval establishment by creating fictitious scares about the possibility of attacks from abroad.

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The Philippines: Independent or Vassal?

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

NEWS from the Philippines:

The *Herald*, a daily newspaper of Manila, owned and conducted by Filipinos, printed a cartoon in which Governor General Wood was depicted as about to stab with a dagger labeled "Veto" a lady labeled "P. I. [Philippine Island] Autonomy." The American colony resented this, deeming it seditious and libelous. Prosecution was threatened. The editor apologized. The incident closed. Give yourselves no concern about it, good people in America. It was but the extravagance of a few hot-headed, misguided youths. All is still well with us in Our Island Dominions.

Thus the dispatches, allaying uneasiness and seeking to renew our pleasant belief that aside from a few noisy politicians the Filipinos are blissfully content with their dependent state. Unfortunately the blithesome spirit that seems to animate these dispatch writers is unwarranted. Not all goes well with us in the Philippines. The incident of the cartoon was not a negligible outburst of youth. It was a symptom of a condition, profound and disquieting. Other such symptoms have protruded for our noting. As a rule we have chosen to ignore them. Still other manifestations will follow of the same order. If we choose we can ignore them also. But what we are likely to meet if we press upon that path promises nothing for optimism.

"The Emperor of the French 'walked his own wild road whither that led him,'" observes McCarthy, describing the exploits in Mexico of Napoleon III. In spite of so many warnings, so many solemn facts that pointed him backward, Sedan and ruin were the ending of that road. We might profitably remember that there are moral no less than physical and imperial Sedans. After all our professions of altruism and the better ideals, what shall be our position before the world when we come to the pass of retaining only by superior brute force and the pointed rifles an unwilling nation that shall thrust into our faces meanwhile the dishonor of broken covenants and pledges travestied for the lust of profits and territory?

Toward some such disaster the signs now point us as plainly as those Louis Napoleon disregarded. Yet it is to be assumed that if we progress along a wild road of our own we walk more blindly than deliberately. Very likely the nation has never considered with attention what is going on in the Philippines; very likely it has had little chance for such considering. As to this, judge for yourselves:

The people of the Philippines received with deep resentment the news of the findings of the Wood-Forbes mission. The substance of that report consists, in plain terms, of reasons discovered why we should disregard our promises and should keep the islands. When this fact was understood by the natives, only the swift and skilful efforts of their leaders prevented a popular demonstration that would have left the people of the United States in no uncertainty as to the real temper of the islanders. Of this menacing situation the regular news channels carried not a word. To this day the masses of Americans have no reason to doubt that the Filipinos acquiesced graciously in the unfavorable verdicts of the Wood-Forbes report. The facts as to the popular resentment and its meaning reached Washington in a cable dispatch to the Philippine Commissioners. When because of its grave significance this was offered to the news bureaus, none of them would handle it. Yet it was more important to the American people than any news the bureaus sent out that day.

Thus, intentionally or unintentionally, most of the information from the Philippines comes to us filtered, censored, or distorted. A few days ago one of the most reputable newspapers published a special cable dispatch from Manila about the delegation the Philippine Legislature is about to send to Washington to protest against the Wood-Forbes report and to ask for independence. This dispatch observed sneeringly that the delegation was to be composed of politicians only; that in spite of the bankrupt condition of the country, great sums of money were to be spent for its luxurious transport and accommodations; that the people had no interest in the mission and none in independence. It would be hard to say which of these assertions was the hardiest adventure in error. We may judge of all by searching as a sample the allegation of Philippine bankruptcy. There is no such thing. The country is rich, resourceful, prosperous. Taxes there are among the lowest in the world. In 1919 they were less than 6 per cent per capita, as against 21.41 per cent in the United States and 33.08 per cent in Canada. There is no real shortage of public revenues, and if there were it could easily be remedied by an almost imperceptible increase in taxation and without borrowing a dollar.

The assertion that only politicians desire independence is perilous stuff to be circulating in this country. It is untrue and viciously misleading. These people have a background of 350 years of struggle for liberty. They have their historic heroes of that struggle dear to them as Winkelried to the Swiss and Emmet to the Irish. They have their records of brave deeds, wonderful sacrifices, daring revolutions. American history, taught in their schools for twenty-two years, has fortified and deepened the lessons of their own. They have set their hearts upon freedom and nationality. They will never be satisfied with anything else. We may, if we please, shoot them into submission. We cannot kill their aspirations. For all our guns and all our troops they will be henceforth our most reluctant subjects.

Even the Wood-Forbes mission, unfriendly to independence, recorded the evidences it found everywhere, except in the Moro country, of this seated conviction. It was evidence not needed. Since 1916 the Government has been in the hands chiefly of a legislature elected by the people. At every session it has demanded independence and appropriated the people's money to get it. At each succeeding election the legislators that have done the most for independence have won the largest popular votes. No opposition has appeared anywhere to separation: the only criticism of the party in power has been for not doing enough for it.

It is true that the franchise is not universal. As yet women do not vote, and the male suffrage has some moderate limitations for literacy and tax-paying. But at the last general election 635,000 votes were cast and of those that did not vote it is impossible that any considerable number was opposed to independence.

If then we believe in popular mandates, here is one from

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which we have no escape, for it is flawless and final.

Against this is flaunted the terrible Moro, pictured as furious against separation and devoted to American rule. Viewed impartially, the portraiture has never been convincing to me. When I was in the Moro country I could never detect that the general feeling about independence was different from that in the northern provinces, and I have letters from representative Moros assuring me that it is not. At Zamboanga in the beautiful public square they were building a monument to Rizal as handsome as any other in the country; in all ways they seemed to have for his memory no less of reverence than their northern fellow-countrymen. Rizal is the national hero of the independence cause: hence I am obliged to regard this fact as more significant than any off-hand statements.

But even if it is true that leading Moros are opposed to independence we are to remember that in a total population of 10,500,000 all the Moros number fewer than 400,000. Of these many live on distant islands or in remote regions so that their views on the subject have never been learned and nobody can speak with authority about them. Most important fact of all, the Moros are not racially different from the other Filipinos. We are likely to think they are from what we read about them, but they are not. They are all Filipinos together. The only differences among them are religious. The Moros are Mohammedans (after a modified style of Islam), and most of the rest are Christians; 9,463,751 Christians against 886,999 non-Christians of all varieties, Mohammedans, pagans, Buddhists. It appears then that the prominence given to the ideas of the Moros on this subject is fictitious. By no possibility can they number more than 4 per cent of the population and it would make no difference if they were all anti-separatists.

Of a piece with this is the stress laid on the supposed financial difficulties of the islanders. It is proposed to have Congress raise the debt limit that a new issue of bonds may relieve the stringency—$25,000,000 worth. No country, judged by its resources, is less in need of such help. Yet when the Governor General vetoes sixteen bills, most of them appropriating money, the fact is used to illustrate the poverty into which the native Government has plunged the country. Plainly, they are unfitted to govern themselves; look at the mess they have made of their finances! One of the vetoed bills happens to be for the benefit of the University of the Philippines, a native institution with more than 4,000 students and an excellent record. This fact is not exploited in the United States, but to the native mind has a certain peculiar sting. The university has long been a target for attack by the American colony because it trains young men and women not to manual labor but to intellectual pursuits. Here, then, is the same mingling of race hatred and caste prejudice that we have shown so plainly in our dealings with Haiti and Santo Domingo. In the view of the average American in the Philippines the office of the Filipino is menial. The university has thus become to both sides a symbol of combat. It was this blow at the plexus of their ambitions that incited the Filipinos to the "Veto" cartoon and will probably incite them to still other reprisals.

One phase of the contest Americans at home will easily understand if they will look beneath the arguments urged against independence. Nothing could be simpler. Under American rule Philippine products are admitted to the United States duty free, with the result that a large trade has been developed in Philippine staples. With independence American tariff duties would be effective against all these and American capital invested in them would suffer loss. And what are these staples? Tobacco, sugar, hemp, lumber, vegetable oil. And to what doors do these investments lead? To the greatest and most powerful financial interests in America. And how far off are the interests that induced us to intervene in Haiti? Not a block. Should not this open all eyes?

Of two other facts in our relations with these people we can now be reasonably sure. First, the agitation for independence will grow until we can no longer ignore or belittle it. Second, if that crisis shall require the armed forces of the United States again to confront a people struggling to be free, it will be no excursion in pleasure. An ill country is this for white men to fight in.

Before long we shall have to come to some definite decision as to these issues. The Filipinos are no fools, but people of swift and alert reasoning powers. They know well enough that all discussion in this country as to whether they are fitted for self-government, whether they govern well, whether the Moros think this or that, is idle and irrelevant. By the Act of August 29, 1916, the United States pledged itself to grant independence to the Philippine Islands "as soon as a stable government can be established therein." Of any other condition, not a word, not a syllable, not a hint. For more than five years the people of the Philippines have conducted a government that rests upon their own mandate. Has it been stable? Upon this question and this alone the whole controversy must be judged. Apply to the government thus established and conducted any test of stability known to international practice. Apply the definitions given by President McKinley, by Mr. Root when he was Secretary of State, and note the result.

President McKinley said a stable government was "one capable of maintaining order and observing its international obligations, insuring peace and tranquillity and the security of its citizens as well as our own."

Mr. Root said it was one "elected by the suffrages of its people and supported by them, capable of maintaining order and of fulfilling its international obligations."

Judged by these standards, no more stable government has existed anywhere in these five years.

As to security of life and property, but for the shame involved, I should urge comparison of Philippine conditions with the homicide record of Chicago, 141 in six months, with New York undergoing a crime wave, with conditions in any great American city.

The Filipinos have fulfilled their part of the contract. We must fulfil ours or violate it, and that in short order.

But if for the sake of profits and imperial ambition we purpose to keep the Philippines, contract or no contract, why not say so frankly, and prepare to turn to the world's derision whatsoever of brazen brow we can manage? To pretend that we are keeping them for the glory of God and the welfare of the Filipino soul is the style of nauseous hypocrisy at which a disillusioned world now heaves the gorge. Of this pious cocking of one eye to heaven while the other busily scans the balance sheet it has had enough with overmeasure. In such exploits of the commercial Tartuffe it recognizes now the very root and essence of the cause of war—if we care about that. And if our professed aversion to war concerns only war with peoples of our own complexion and we have no objection to bringing it upon brown, yellow, and black men, why not be candid enough to acknowledge that likewise?

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The Socialist Movement Reunites

By JOSEPH GOLLOMB

AFTER three years of war among the socialists—war to the point of slaughtering each other with light field artillery—the cry has gone up among masses of workers in Europe for a "united front." In obedience to it there met on April 2 in the Reichstag building in Berlin executives of the three existent socialist internationales, the right-wing Second, the centrist "Two-and-a-half" or International Working Union of Socialist Parties, and the left-wing Third Internationale. There was also present Serrati, leader of the powerful Socialist Party of Italy, to speak for the socialist parties of Italy, the United States, Argentina, and other groups which are not affiliated with any of the three internationales.

After two days of stormy meeting accord was reached on seven points. The most important of these is the appointment of a committee of nine, three from each internationale, to call a world congress of socialist and labor parties. These points provide, among other things, for a rapprochement between the Amsterdam International Federation of Trade Unions and the rival one organized by Moscow; for public trials of the Socialist Revolutionists prosecuted in Russia, no death penalty to be imposed on them; for international demonstrations to be held against unemployment; for the eight-hour day, and for aid to Soviet Russia. The object of this congress will inevitably be the reorganization of the socialist movement of the world into a single Internationale. Should this be realized—and the momentum in this direction seems irresistible—the strength of that organization will be formidable. Whereas in the Internationale that was broken up by the war there were about eleven million members, the organization represented at the meeting of executives in Berlin approximates twice that number; and in addition in every country there are many more people who support the socialist party but do not belong to it.

For the first time, too, there will be in a socialist internationale the heads of important governments—Lenin, premier of Russia; Ebert, president of Germany; Branting, premier of Sweden; as well as powerful factions in the parliaments of Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, Russia, Sweden, Belgium, and other countries. It will be an organization whose elements have been through fire and acquired priceless experience in both government and revolution. It will have tested the loosely federated form of the Internationale that fell to pieces at the first touch of war; and will have learned something from the military discipline characteristic of the Third Internationale of Moscow. Whether from all this the socialist and labor movement will issue united and stronger than ever and play a historic role, or whether the present division in it must remain permanent, time will show. But certain considerations should help surmise.

The present movement for a united front is largely the reaction of workers to a major drive against them by their common enemy, as they conceive it, the employing class. Wage cuts, assaults on labor organizations, lockouts, unemployment, and all that goes with the after-the-war economic slump are now more living realities to the workers than questions of revolution versus evolution, dictatorship of the proletariat, and the other issues that have split their ranks in the last three years. What, therefore, the workers do in the way of staying united will depend largely on what the bosses do. The stronger the attack on them, it would seem, the more they will feel the need of unity for defense.

One of the first casualties of the war was the socialist Internationale, smashed not by direct capitalist fire but carried along in the temporary collapse of international capitalism. Most of the socialists ceased attacking their governments and shouldered arms. A considerable number remained loyal to their international principles, and despite official prohibition representatives of these minorities met during the war in Switzerland. Most of these internationalists formed the germ of what later, after the Russian Revolution, became the Third Internationale. But among those who at first supported the war internationalism also reasserted itself, and opposition to the rather docile collaboration with capitalists which was part of the war psychology. The anti-collaborationist parties withdrew from the old Second Internationale soon after the Great War officially ended and the war among socialists only grew sharper. In Russia Bolshevik fought Menshevik, in Germany Majority Socialist fought Communist, and in Czecho-Slovakia the right wing fought the left wing with every weapon from revolvers to light field guns, from hand grenades to poison gas; and this at a time when their common enemy was most disorganized. In almost every country where there were socialist parties splits took place.

In the United States a growing party of over 100,000 members polling a vote ten times that number broke into something like fourteen fragments, of which the largest counts barely 20,000. Soon to complete the picture of disorganization came a third international grouping, the "centrists," most of whom had been among the radicals during the war but who were opposed to the dictatorial dogmatism of the Russian leaders of the Third Internationale. This group gradually became a sort of bridge toward unity of all the socialist forces. In time a sharp shift in Moscow policy came to its aid. The Third Internationalists, once preachers of "purity of doctrine," maneuverers of splits, began preaching the "united working-class front."

Those who see direct cause and effect between the needs of Soviet Russia and the deeds of the Third Internationale can make out a strong case. They point out that when Soviet Russia was being attacked by an international ring of capitalist troops and diversion in the rear of those armies was needed, the Third Internationale called for revolution everywhere. To achieve the decisive morale for such a desperate step socialist parties had to be divested of all hesitant right-wing and centrist elements; hence a program of splitting was ordered and effected.

Later Soviet Russia came to need alliances with capitalist governments and found the Third Internationale a source of embarrassment, as illustrated in the case of Turkey. Soviet Russia wanted an immediate alliance with Turkey. The Third Internationale, on the other hand, was committed to a program of fomenting revolution there. Turkey told Lenin he must choose between his desires as premier of Russia and as member of the executive committee of the Third Internationale. Whereupon the Third Internationale quietly

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called off revolution in Turkey for the time. But the same dilemma could not be so easily resolved in the cases of England and other more publicly situated countries.

It became whispered about, therefore, that Soviet Russia to save itself was getting ready either to ditch the Third Internationale or so to modify its program that it would no longer hinder an alliance with capitalist governments. Trotzky's speeches at the congress of the Third Internationale last July indicated the new drift, and at a meeting of its executive committee on December 18, 1921, a new program of "Twenty-five Points" was adopted. This time instead of ordering an offensive of revolution it stressed the defensive against "the frank endeavors on the part of the capitalists to reduce wages and lower the whole standard of life of the workers." Later, immediately after another meeting of an enlarged executive committee of the Third, the report came over news-agency wires from Moscow that the Third Internationale was ready to give up independent existence and, joining in an all-embracing internationale, content itself with leading the left wing. This report has not been denied by the Third. As it had been instigator of much of the split in socialist and labor unity—it created the "Red" Trade Union Internationale in opposition to what it called the "yellow" Trade Union Internationale of Amsterdam—it would seem that the fate of any organization it joined would depend in some measure on what Soviet Russia needed.

Another important factor is the conscious will of workers for unity, even apart from the need of present defense against capitalist aggression. The Centrists expressed that will and worked toward such unity. In Berne in December, 1920, they met and organized the International Working Union of Socialist Parties, the leading parties represented being the Independents of Germany, the Independent Labor Party of Great Britain, the Socialist Party of France, then on the verge of a split, and the socialist parties of Austria, Switzerland, and Czecho-Slovakia—the center groups of the international socialist movement. This organization has increasingly become the center of gravity for elements that have felt the differences between socialist factions to be less fundamental than the difference between labor and capital. It was natural, too, that it should be they who kept the unity meeting at Berlin on April 2, 1922, from shipwreck and guided it to a unanimously adopted program.

But the movement toward unity, while greatly helped by the centrists, was chiefly due to a clearing of the mists of war in the minds of the rank and file of the workers. In Sweden it developed that if communists and centrists supported the party of Branting an all-socialist government could be formed; so they did it regardless of what their international leaders thought of such a coalition. The same thing happened in Saxony, and in the newly created German state of Thuringia.

Such momentum has this movement acquired that the spectacle is presented of the leaders of both extreme wings being pushed together by their followers, feet braced and sliding but impelled forward nevertheless. In 1920 Zinoviev, chairman of the executive committee of the Third, was calling the leaders of the Second "confidential advisers of the bourgeoisie and reliable hangmen of the working-class" and declaring "ruthless war" on all right-wing and centrist elements as traitors to the cause of the proletariat. In 1921 he was complaining of "the refusal of the leaders of the Second, 'Two-and-a-half,' and Amsterdam Internationales to accept one or other of our practical suggestions" for unity of front. In October, 1921, Arthur Henderson, speaking for the Second Internationale, although nominally only as a member of the executive of the British Labor Party, wrote in regard to a move for an all-embracing internationale, "We do not propose . . . to invite the communist parties because their methods are so diverse as to make cooperation impossible." Less than six months later executives of the Second sat down to meet with those of the Third.

It is true that in many quarters so much hatred has been generated by three years of internecine war that there is still considerable opposition in many quarters to the sudden movement for peace. In France, for instance, a peculiar situation has resulted. When at the behest of the Third Internationale the Socialist Party split at its congress in Tours in December, 1920, the left-wing leaders of the party were the ones to cry, "Divide!" Today, again at the behest of the Third, these same leaders are crying, "Unite!" But the moderate elements or the right wing of the Communist Party of France, whom previously they had converted to hatred for the center and right wing that broke away from them, now refuse to love suddenly the enemy they had been taught to hate; hence they are opposing the movement for unity.

Here in America there has been least evidence of the move for a united front. Whether it is because the split has left all socialist elements prostrated, or because a class-conscious proletarian movement corresponds to reality least of all in this land of comparatively ample economic elbow-room, the socialist groups here follow only tardily in the wake of the European masses toward reunion. Under orders from the Third the left-wing elements will go through the motions of obeying the call to unity from abroad. But whether they will get any response from the Socialist Party is uncertain.

On the other hand there has been something like an effort in this direction at the conference in Chicago in February "to discuss and adopt a fundamental program designed . . . to secure to all men the enjoyment of the gains which their industry produces." In this conference participated representatives of the Socialist Party, the Farmer-Labor Party, sixteen important railroad unions, farmers' organizations, and liberal groups. No definite program was adopted but another conference has been decided upon to be held in December after the different representatives have had time to consult again with their organizations. Although many of the conference emphatically declare against the formation of a new party there is a vague drift toward some such grouping as the British Labor Party.

What changes in socialist doctrine, if any, will come of the united-front movement it is too early to foretell. Certain it is, however, that the right wing of the socialist movement has moved still further to the right. The Majority Socialists of Germany, for example, when they were at the helm of their government, found it inexpedient to put into operation even the mild program of socialization for which they stood before the war; and the Majority Socialists form one of the two mainstays of the right wing. On the other hand the left wing of the movement, chiefly through the collapse of communism in Soviet Russia, has also had to move to the right in putting aside for the time being their emphasis on immediate revolution. An interesting modification of this, however, may take place when right-wing, center, and left-labor and socialist elements all over the world, finding themselves once more united and strong, begin to feel some of the boldness that comes with strength.

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The Opinions of Anatole France

Recorded by PAUL GSELL

On War

THE following conversation took place at the Villa Said some years before the inexpiable calamity. On account of Morocco our relations were strained with our inconvenient neighbors in the East. In the distance the storm was beginning to rumble. This day M. Bergeret[1] began by speaking of the cross-Channel press, which was taking our side against the Germans, just a little too blatantly.

"England frightens me," he murmured; "she is excessively warlike. There is no doubt she is brave, and it may be that she does not fear war for herself. But I have not the slightest doubt that she fears it still less for France."

An old gentleman who was present grumbled: "Well, if war breaks out, so much the better!"

The author of this peremptory declaration was an obscure poet, who has since died. To judge by his remarks, always flowing over with jingoism, his Muse must have been very heroic. But nobody had ever read his poems. He was so swollen with gout that he could not put on his boots. His feet dragged in old shoes laced over huge bandages of white linen. It was in this attire that he went visiting. He coughed, his eyes ran water, and he stammered. He often came to Anatole France's, for he had known him a long time. The Master tolerated him, but he would sometimes say when he was not there:

"Certain old friends would make me doubt friendship, that divine gift. They plume themselves on being deeply attached, and, indeed, they are, like mussels on the keel of a ship. As you know, they are often poisonous."

Nobody had taken up the challenging remark of the gouty bard. But, tapping the arms of his chair with his flabby hands, he continued, between two attacks of asthma:

"We have remained, thank God, a nation of soldiers! Atchew! We are fond of war. Atchew! . . . All we ask is an opportunity to fight! Atchew! We shall go and get back the clocks which the Boches stole from us in 1870. Atchew! Atchew!"

France who had looked at him for a moment without speaking, said to him gently:

"I admire this fine enthusiasm in a veteran, and I am sure, if the country is in danger, that the young men of spirit will pour out their blood generously for it. But as for the pretense that the French like war, it is not true. No people ever loved war. No people ever wanted to fight. At bottom, the crowd always looks upon fighting without enthusiasm.

"What particularly distorts the ideas of historians is the rhetoric of Livy. Now, I do not believe this Paduan was sincere. He knew very well that nobody is happy to be exposed to death. But he said to himself that it was necessary to raise the morale of the Romans, who were becoming enervated, and he swelled his sonorous periods.

"The valor which he celebrated is usually attributed to the armies that win victories. We imagine that they deserved their success because of their contempt of danger, and that the conquered armies, on the contrary, were lacking in courage. These are gratuitous assumptions. Most frequently it is chance that decides battles. So far as armies are concerned, I suspect them all of being mediocre, and that none will face suffering and death gladly. . . .

"Certainly, I will grant you that there are heroes. Even then, they are not always heroic. The true hero admits that he has sometimes lacked courage. I grant that certain troops, in moments of exaltation, brave frightful risks with intrepidity. But from everything we know we must conclude that the majority of soldiers in an army cling desperately to life, and would not expose themselves if they were not compelled. . . . And my own experience corroborates it."

"Your ex . . . atchew . . . perience?"

"Yes. Listen. I will give you a very faithful account of some of my impressions as a member of the national guard during the siege of Paris.

"The major of our battalion was a stout grocer from our quarter. He was lacking in authority, it must be confessed, because he tried to humor his customers. One day we were ordered to take part in a sortie. We were sent to the banks of the Marne. Our major looked splendid in his bright uniform, which had never seen service. He rode a charming little Arab pony which he had managed to get somewhere or other, and of which he was very proud, an all-white pony, adorably graceful and frisky. Too frisky, for it proved the poor grocer's undoing. When he was making it prance, it reared up to its full height, fell on its back, and killed our major on the spot by breaking his spine. We had few regrets for our leader. We decided to stop, break our ranks, and stretch ourselves out on the grass of the river's bank. We lay there all the morning, then all the afternoon. The artillery was thundering in the distance. . . . We took care to give the cannons a wide berth.

"Toward evening we saw some sailors running along the road which dominated the bank of the river. Many of them were black with gunpowder. Wounded men were wearing bloody bandages. These brave fellows had fought well, but they had to give way to bad luck. Why, I cannot say, but we began to shout: 'Hurrah for the fleet!'

"This shout, which the sailors thought ironical, succeeded in annoying them. Several charged upon us with fixed bayonets. This looked dangerous to us. We rushed headlong from the grassy slopes and put some distance between us and them. As we were well rested and our pursuers were overcome with fatigue, we easily got away from them. We returned to Paris. But our prolonged inactivity weighed upon us and we were very hungry. Consequently, we had no scruples in pillaging a bakery which we encountered on the way. Fortunately, the owners had had time to escape, so we were not guilty of homicide.

"Such was our conduct. I do not boast of it. No; I do not. But I love truth and must do her homage."

"Those are certainly exceptional incidents . . . atchew! I am sure that . . ."

"My dear friend, I should not like to shake your faith. Above all, beware of the notion that I want to belittle my

[1] Anatole France is thus frequently referred to after the name of his famous character M. Bergeret, in the book by Paul Gsell, "The Opinions of Anatole France," from which this article and the others of the series are taken. The series is translated by Ernest Boyd and will be published by Alfred A. Knopf.

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companions in arms. Our enemy was in no wise different from ourselves. Few of them were heroes. Many witnesses saw German soldiers weeping when they were sent into dangerous zones. And why mock at those tears? They probably were aroused by the memory of young wives who would never see their husbands again, of little children who would never kiss their fathers.

"But, let me tell you another anecdote.

"Shortly after the war of '70 I happened to be in X. . . . As I entered an inn I heard great shouts of laughter, and I saw the natives of the place in a circle around a robust lad. He was explaining to them how he had succeeded in avoiding all the battles.

" 'First of all,' he was saying, 'I leaves my place two weeks late. When I sees the sergeant I thinks to myself he's goin' to blow me up. But I ain't such a fool. I plays the idiot. To everything he asks I says "moo, moo," like a cow.

" 'What a swine! What a swine!' says he. 'Not a damned thing to be got out of him except "moo, moo." '

" 'In the end an officer said to me: "Heh, there, you idiot! Since you're a farm hand, you know about horses." . . .

" 'I nods, yes.

" ' "Well, you can take these two nags to Colonel Bouchard of the Twenty-eighth Regiment, Third Army Corps. There are your marching orders, and food for the three of you, the two beasts and yourself."

" 'I nods again, and off we go.

" 'But, it so happens that I takes the wrong road and the two nags to the colonel of another regiment. This one, as soon as he spots my papers:

" ' "Hell! what a fool you are!" he says to me, and he puts me on to the right road and gives me a few francs.

" 'I need hardly tell you that I loses my way again. And all the time the trouble lasted I wanders about from one colonel to another. But once peace come, I takes my two nags straight to the right colonel of the right regiment, and here I am.'

"Now, the cynical confessions of this rascal were greeted with sympathetic laughter.

"I do not assert that the same audience would not have responded to a narrative of great devotion to duty. The roughest men, if they admire cunning, also venerate nobility.

"However, the gallery did not blame this slyboots. The crowd has always a fund of indulgence for a Panurge when that unpleasant accident befalls him in the fight, when he gorges himself with ham and wine in a tent far from the battle. It really seems to me quite impossible that the plain people can ever be infected with the jingoism which infects our middle-classes from time to time. On the contrary, I notice that anti-militarism is bolder than ever. Formerly the deserters and the slackers never tried to defend their conduct. 'We are betrayed,' they would shout. 'We are sold!' That was their only justification.

"Now they have a theory and reasoned motives. Le Chant du Départ has been replaced by a hymn Pour ne pas Partir. To set one's refusal to march to music, is to become glorious."

"So you approve of them?" asked the old poet.

"Do not put into my mouth what is not in my mind. No; I do not approve of them, for in the present European situation they run the risk of helping the worst enemies of civilization."

"So you admit that one's country . . ."

"I admit that our country would deserve to be passionately defended, if it were threatened. And then, we must clearly see in what way it has a right to our affection. . . . If by the word country is meant the sum of great ideas and profound feelings which differ from one country to another, and constitute French wit, English good sense, German dialectics, that is certainly a treasure which should be dear to every nation. It is a flag of light planted on each territory. The finest geniuses of each race have borne it higher and higher. After the event, and gradually, they have given a magnificent spiritual significance to these groups which the fortuitous circumstances of history had originally brought together haphazardly.

"But these moving national doctrines, if they differ, are not divergent, at least. The most eminent thinkers clasp hands across frontiers. They have neither the same tendencies nor the same thoughts, yet they are brought together by their humanity, by their compassion for their fellow-men. It is, therefore, by a culpable deception that people try to oppose one national consciousness against another. On the contrary, in their most serene expression they are complementary. A man can adore his own country while revering others.

"Unfortunately, a country is not only a collection of radiant ideas. It is also the business address of a host of financial enterprises of which many have little to recommend them. More than anything else it is the antagonism of capitalistic appetites, often most illegitimate, which drives the nations into conflict and causes modern wars. Nothing could be sadder. From the bottom of my soul I wish my country to abstain from all greed which might make her in the slightest degree responsible for a struggle. But if she were ever invaded by a covetous neighbor, it would be the duty of her sons to fly to her help. It would, indeed, be the darkest calamity if France were diminished, for, after all, do you not agree that our country stands for very generous aspirations?"

"Ah, ha! you see . . . atchew! Chauvinism has its good points."

"Not at all! It is criminal folly. When the jingoes say that war is sublime, that it is the school of all the virtues, that it refashions and regenerates men, that Providence gives victory to the most worthy, and that the greatness of a people is measured by its victories, that is, by massacres in which its own children perish with the enemy, they are ridiculous and odious."

"But how will you persuade people to sacrifice themselves to their country?"

"By making the country always better, always more just, more maternal toward the people . . . more loyal, more fraternal toward other nations . . . by ceaselessly repeating that war is abominable, by carefully avoiding all the tortuous intrigues which might provoke it . . . by proving by the striking frankness of our conduct that we do not wish to take up arms, that we shall use them only to defend our liberty.

"Then the people will love their country which will be identified in their hearts with the finest future of the human race. And if, by any misfortune, it is attacked, they will not allow it to succumb."

Such were the opinions of M. France at that time. By adhering to communism he has since testified that only the international organization of the proletariat seems to him capable of preventing the return of war.

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Footnote on Journalism[1]

By H. L. MENCKEN

I

THE peculiar prejudices and habits of mind of an uncompromising Liberal are written all over the Hon. Oswald Garrison Villard's eloquent testimonial to the sense, enterprise, and common decency of the two *Sunpapers*, printed in this week's *Nation*. Dr. Villard is certainly no dilettante when it comes to journalism. He has conducted a great daily journal in the heat of the day, he is privy to all the esoteric wisdom and gossip of the trade, and he is of a reflective and analytical turn of mind. Nevertheless, it seems to me that, in his discussion of the two *Sunpapers* and of what they are trying to do, he permits his political prepossessions to blind him to their chief difficulty and their highest achievement. In brief, he overstresses the impediments to sound journalism that lie in the class superstitions of newspaper owners and the *Wille zur Macht* of advertisers, and he very greatly understresses the impediments that lie in the dark and gummy minds of the great masses of the plain people—the repository, according to the Liberal astrology, of every virtue and sagacity.

In practically all discussions of journalism, and particularly of daily journalism, there are lugubrious strophes on the baleful tyranny of advertisers, and it is blamed for at least two-thirds of the dishonesty and imbecility that characterize the normal American newspaper. But I am convinced, after an experience but two years short of Dr. Villard's, that it is largely imaginary. The advertiser is a bugaboo behind whom incompetent and cowardly newspaper editors take refuge from their critics. I have never heard of him attempting to influence a journal of any visible integrity upon a matter of any genuine importance. If he comes in with a request, it is usually to the effect that nothing be printed about the fact that a fat woman has fallen down the main stairway of his store or that his brother is being blackmailed by one of his salesgirls. But for one such request that comes from an advertiser there are a thousand that come from persons who are not advertisers—persons who attempt to bring the most formidable pressure to bear upon editors—pressure that is financial, social, political, and ecclesiastical. That sort of bombardment, in truth, is part of every editor's ordinary day's work. He often finds it very hard to resist, and sometimes downright impossible. But I doubt that it is the advertisers who give him most concern. On the contrary, I am convinced that he employs them very often as laboratory animals to demonstrate his courage and independence, and that much idle stuff thus gets into newspapers that might as well stay out.

II

As for newspaper owners, who are commonly men of some wealth, it is my impression that, in intelligence and integrity, they run about as other men of wealth run, which is to say, considerably above the level of men who are bankrupt. In my journey through this miserable world I have so far failed to find the slightest evidential support for the democratic theory that virtue and incompetence are identical. Practically all normal Americans, and especially all who profess to abhor the Money Power—e. g., labor leaders, uplifters, and politicians—are trying to get all the money that they can. When a man makes such an attempt and fails, he tends to become bitter, and I find it hard to deal with him. But when he succeeds he mellows and expands, and it is relatively easy to talk beautiful nonsense to him. I have often argued against capital to capitalists, and found them polite and tolerant, but I have never encountered a union leader who would listen to an argument against unionism.

The fact is that the things I esteem most in this world, and which Dr. Villard puts upon the fundamental program of the two *Sunpapers*, to wit, truth, liberty, tolerance, and common decency, are kept alive among us, not by the great masses of men, but by small groups of men, most of them very well fed. When the ordinary rights of the citizens were torn to tatters during the late war by Dr. Wilson and his patriotic *Polizei*, and men were jailed, beaten, and murdered for daring to exercise them, it was not the plain people who protested and called a halt; it was a volunteer committee of lawyers, nearly all of them with money in the bank. It was the money in the bank, in fact, that gave them courage and made them interested in questions of liberty. And when the Pennsylvania State cossacks, two or three years ago, began butchering the poor wops and bohunks in the steel region, it was not the labor unions that exposed the infamy, but a small corps of well-to-do specialists in atrocity. The labor unions, in fact, were against the strikers, and the Gompers crowd did its best to beat them—mainly by acts of treachery so gross that very few men of the dignity and self-respect that goes with money could be imagined as capable of them.

III

I do not here argue for money, which I esteem very lightly, but simply against the banal notion that a rich man is necessarily without imagination and idealistic aspiration. He may be, of course, a mere hyena of the Baer-Gary type, or he may be a jackass of the Rotary Club variety, but it is also possible for him to be reflective, tolerant, and even a bit altruistic (that is, if we assume that anyone is ever genuinely altruistic), and it is my contention that he is all of these things quite as often as his slaves are. Thus I see no impediment to decent journalism in America in the fact that under modern conditions it takes a very rich man to own a newspaper. That rich man may yield to class prejudices and they may color the news in his paper, but I doubt that they will color it more gaudily than it would be colored by the prejudices of a poor man, supposing him to have the same power. Moreover, I am convinced that the specific prejudices which most critics of journalism complain of—for example, the prejudices in favor of the capitalistic system, of an exaggerated nationalism, and of tightly regimented opinion—would be just as apparent in a newspaper run, say, by an American labor leader, as they are in a newspaper run by an American banker. The effort to put down the critics of these things by force and terror has not been made altogether by rich men; it has been made especially by the poor men—many of them actually out of work!—of the American Legion and other such mob organizations. The stupidity behind it is not merely capitalistic; it is national, and perhaps almost racial.

Which brings me to the point, viz., that the chief difficulty confronting a newspaper which tries to carry out the policies ascribed to the two *Sunpapers* by Mr. Villard does not lie in the direction of the advertisers nor in the direction of the board of directors, but in the direction of the public which buys the paper. It is here that the ambitious editor encounters his real enemies, and genuinely skins his shins. What he always discovers to his dismay, soon after he tries to substitute intelligent discussion for the usual platitudinizing about public affairs, and a relentless pursuit of the truth for the usual lies and imbecilities, is that his customers have a very defective appetite for the new fare—that, in the main, they prefer what they are used to, not only because it is familiar, but because they positively like it. In brief, very few Americans in any average community want to be bothered with sense in their newspaper. It is hard to grasp; it lies outside their habitual field of thought; it is somehow offensive to their pruderies. They prefer to find in print exactly the same sort of puerile, rubber-stamp balderdash that they hear all day from their colleagues in human endeavor, and from the soothsayers who customarily instruct them in lodge and union hall, and from the reverend clergy who belabor them with piety on Sunday.

IV

No doubt Mr. Villard would dissent from this doctrine. As a Liberal he is necessarily convinced that the people crave

[1] Reprinted from the Baltimore *Evening Sun* of April 3.

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better things than they have, and would be grateful if such things were given to them. But this is true, I believe, only within very narrow limits, and those chiefly material. In the realm of ideas they are satisfied with what they have and resent any effort to improve it. No objection to the imbecility of moving-pictures has ever come from the habitual patrons of moving-pictures; it is brought forward by those who seldom suffer from it personally. No statesman ever lost office on the ground that his notions were idiotic, but many have been retired because they tried to be intelligent. And no newspaper ever lost readers —save out of a small and negligible minority of strange fish, chiefly well-to-do, and hence scoundrels by the democratic theory —because it distorted and invented news, and preached childish platitudes, and printed Mutt and Jeff, and assumed constantly that its average reader was a moron. Such enterprises as the *Sunpaper's* attempt to report the Disarmament Follies intelligently are not undertaken as devices for increasing circulation; they are undertaken as private luxuries of the responsible editors and proprietors. Mr. Villard used to run the *Evening Post* as a luxury; in precisely the same way the *Sunpaper* tried to cover the West Virginia strike as a luxury. Nine of its readers out of ten would have been quite contented with the customary blather and garbage of the Associated Press.

[NOTE.—Mr. Villard is in Europe and his comment on this interesting critique is for the moment not available. Two errors crept into his article. On page 390, second column, four lines from top, the sentence beginning "So the president," etc., should read "So Mr. Paul Patterson, the president, and Mr. John H. Adams, who is vice-president and also editor of the *Sun*, went abroad," etc.; and in the same column, line 28, the sentence beginning "Mr. John H. Adams," etc., should read "Mr. Frank R. Kent, also a vice-president of the *Sun*, who went to Europe to cover the foreign reaction to the Conference, 'scooped' even the London *Times* and the *Daily Mail* upon Lloyd George's plans for the Cannes Conference—a feat which naturally attracted widespread attention, just as his recent interview with M. Loucheur, the French Minister of Reconstruction, led to exchanges of opinion in public utterances between Senator McCormick and various French politicians."—EDITORS THE NATION.]

In the Driftway

AT last the Drifter's worst fears about himself are confirmed! Partly in bravado, partly in jest, partly in panic he recently confessed doubt of his ability to rate 50 per cent in a civil service examination for a reliable and experienced moron. Now comes this letter to confound him:

In *The Nation* for March 15 a letter from a lady medic of Philadelphia causes you to throw up both hands in perplexity, ready to confess yourself a moron of the second degree, half doubting whether you might pass even such a test. Might it interest you to receive a little help from one who has had experience in that line, one who has spent three months in one of our foremost institutions for the insane, presided over by an alienist of international reputation, who has been photographed, recorded, and card-indexed as a member of that ever-growing army of a half million mental defectives that crowd the land, and who is at large today without the consent of "the earnest men and women" who have charge of such matters.

Having followed your column for some time and with great interest, I am quite convinced that you would qualify as a subject for the attention of the aforesaid "earnest men and women" trained to sift the wheat from the chaff of our mixed human material. Anyone that strays so far from type as to be interested in the wide range of subjects that your column covers justifies the presumption of a pathogenic strain; and the lack of respect for established authority that you evidence clearly indicates an advanced neurosis. You would without doubt be enrolled in the national army of half a million defectives gathered in by the "earnest men and women" that are so eager to carry the social burden for us, if only some presumptuous fool could be found to press your case. It is this little "if" more than anything else that constitutes the guaranty of our liberties so far as the members of the Philadelphia lady's profession are concerned; make no mistake about that. . . .

Psychology seems to have become the magic wand with which our progressives hope to cure all the social ills, from vocational maladjustment to crime, and about all they achieve is the wrecking of individual lives and foisting an army of incompetent dabblers upon an industrial society that is already topheavy to the danger-point. When things have reached a stage where a very large percentage of the recruits in the late war can be officially given a mentality of ten years old or less, when at a gathering of alienists in the city of New York, some five years ago, a luminary of that profession could say that one man out of every four that one meets on the streets is mentally incompetent and ought to be confined for his own good, there is something so radically wrong that it behooves our public scribes to take notice and also a very decided stand.

Your words have been as a breath of fresh air to at least one who has felt the suffocating effect of the prevailing rage for all the new-fangled theories and practices that cluster about this newest science of psychology. Being one of its victims, you will hardly expect me to add to my mortification and distress by signing my name. I must therefore beg you to accept my congratulations on your brave words anonymously.

In the language of the street, now what do you know about that? The Drifter knows nothing about it, and he is beginning to question if he knows anything about anything else. The letter is inserted here merely as a warning to Constant Reader and Old Subscriber not to be surprised if any week they see this column headed as special correspondence from the State asylum for the insane at Matteawan, New York, or Bridgewater, Massachusetts. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

From the *World's* Executive Editor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I think your newspaper series are admirable. Because of that I wish to be able to give them even greater approval, and therefore I write you in the hope of giving them, in at least one instance, greater accuracy.

In your justified praise of the Baltimore *Suns* you give them credit for the printing of the "entirely unedited and quite divergent accounts and comments of H. G. Wells and Henry Nevinson." Both of these men were members of the *World* staff—Wells by special arrangement under which the *World* brought him to America for the express purpose of reporting the Conference, and Nevinson by virtue of our agreement with the Manchester *Guardian*, under which we have the right to all their news in America.

I am sure you will be interested in having these facts set before you.

New York, April 7 SWOPE

P. S.—The Baltimore *Sun* uses the *World's* news service.

Marx's Theory of Value

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will Mr. Preserved Smith, who writes Notes on History in your issue of March 1, please explain for the benefit of your readers some points he raises in criticism of Maurice William's "Social Interpretation of History"? Mr. Smith says: "Mr. William accepts practically all the principles of the Gospel according to Marx, including the theory of value finally abandoned by Marx himself."

Now, as one who has read for a number of years the "Gospel according to Marx," and accepts it unreservedly, I should like Mr. Smith to elucidate just where, when, and how Marx abandoned his theory of value, the basis upon which his whole economic work is built. ROSCOE A. FILLMORE

Oromocto, New Brunswick, Canada, March 12

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reply to Mr. Fillmore, I will state that Marx's theory that labor was the sole factor in creating value, as stated in the first volume of "Das Kapital" (1867), was so much modified as to be practically abandoned in the third volume (published posthumously, 1894); see particularly the section headed Die Verwandlung des Mehrwerthes in Profit.

Ithaca, N. Y., March 23 PRESERVED SMITH

What Christian Science Stands For

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I see by the correspondence section that other Christian Scientists read *The Nation* in spite of the slams which you periodically hand us, thereby proving that we can't be as superficial and illiberal as you think. You know it's rather a shame that you and we don't get on together better, for Science is almost unique in the success with which it interprets into terms of modern life the eternal principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity which *The Nation* upholds.

As a specific instance, in spite of the moral debauchery of the late war and the temptation to be on the popular side to which practically all other large religious bodies succumbed, Christian Science steadfastly refused to prostitute itself into an agency for the spread of hate propaganda and the glorification of armed violence. While one might wish the church had gone farther and officially placed itself on record as definitely opposed to war as did some courageous smaller sects, the fact that it held out against the suspicion, badgering, meanness, and hypocrisy of the time is worthy of note.

Helena, Arkansas, March 28 WALLACE KEITH

Mrs. Eddy's Life and Death

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The type of religious prejudice that makes for strife and contention has rarely found more striking example than appears in the article Religious Knowledge in Homeopathic Doses, in *The Nation* of January 25 reviewing a "Dictionary of Religion and Ethics." The editors of this book quite properly asked the Christian Science Board of Directors to furnish an article on Christian Science; yet when they complied in a statement setting forth the teachings of this religion, the truth of which has been proved through demonstrations almost uncountable times, it is made an occasion for abuse and ridicule by your book reviewer. The followers of Christian Science believe and to a degree quite satisfactory to themselves prove that this is a true, exact, and demonstrable Science, based upon Principle which is unchanging and unchangeable. To be sure, it deals with what Paul called "the things that are not seen," but to the person of spiritual discernment these "things" are no less substantial and real than the objects cognized by the material senses. There is plenty of ground for Mrs. Eddy's assertion that Christian Science is the one exact science since it deals with eternal truth and spiritual law. This is not the first writer who, not having spiritual discernment, denies it to all.

Scarcely less hateful are the strictures on the brief biography of Mrs. Eddy setting forth the facts of her life pertinent to her public works rather than the details of her experience which, being purely personal, can have no general interest. In this regard it follows exactly the best usage in biographical writing. The hateful spirit of the attack reaches its climax in the utterly baseless statement that Mrs. Eddy's tomb at Mt. Auburn was provided with a telephone in anticipation of her resurrection. This assertion alone characterizes the article as to the lack of trustworthiness and candor. Surely neither religious comity nor the cause of true brotherhood is promoted by such misrepresentation and animosity.

New York, January 21 ALBERT F. GILMORE

[To say of any religious belief that it is a "true, exact, and demonstrable science" is, of course, to call it what in the nature of things a religious belief cannot be. Only mathematics can be that, and certain of the sciences which are susceptible of the minutest experiments and the most accurate proofs. That the followers of Christian Science happen to have such an opinion regarding their doctrine can make no real difference. As to the facts in Mrs. Eddy's life which Mr. Gilmore thinks should not have been referred to, one of them was her death. We believe that it is of essential interest to point out, in any account of any prophet, that he did not live forever, and we believe it was of special interest in the case of a prophetess who held Mrs. Eddy's views concerning the relation of mind and matter. A letter from the acting superintendent of the Mount Auburn Cemetery, written to us in response to our inquiry, gives this authoritative statement as to the telephone in Mrs. Eddy's tomb: "As there have been cases of ghouls committing depredations, particularly in large Western cemeteries, as a matter of precaution a telephone was placed in the [receiving] tomb that the guards could use in case of emergency. After the body of Mrs. Eddy was placed in permanent sepulcher, the telephone was discontinued."—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Miss O'Connor and the Irish Free State

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Discussing the Irish situation toward the end of 1919, the writer (a non-Irish citizen of the British Empire) used these words: "As it is, it is too late to expect—what only the most craven among us would contend for or would willingly permit—the acceptance any longer by the Irish of any terms save such as they themselves select as the ground of future interrelation. If the Irish desire to preserve so much of contact with the English as is maintained today by the self-governing domains beyond the seas, it is their privilege to do so; but with no one except themselves does the right now rest to pass upon this question. If there has been any period in the last three centuries and a half when England could urge her claim to be considered in the coming settlement, by the people whom she has oppressed, that period has long since passed; and any obligation which may imaginably have existed on the part of the Irish toward the English, on the score of benefits received, has been canceled beyond recovery by England's own hand."

Again: "It is my contention that the action of Great Britain throughout the twenty generations in which she has sought to impose her will upon the Irish is without example in the historic period alike in its brutality and in the crudeness of its unwisdom; and that, were Ireland to agree tomorrow to acquiesce in the existing situation, it would still be the duty of decent men to refuse to acknowledge the surrender or accept the composition."

Since these words were written Nationalist and Catholic Ireland, acting through delegates of her own appointment and accrediting, has accepted the status of a Free State within the British Empire, and has today a government of her own choosing attempting to function in accordance with the terms which control the political activity of Canada and Australia. In this attempt the Free State Government is seriously—I hesitate as yet to say fatally—hampered by men of its own side; and no lover of the Irish, no believer in the cause of human freedom, can be without concern as to the issue.

Miss O'Connor is obviously within her right in insisting that Ireland has not what very many Irish men and women want her to have and believe she is entitled to; but is Miss O'Connor wholly wise in refusing to play for the present the game which, let us say, Lloyd George has bedeviled Ireland into solemnly engaging in? It is the day of Ireland's testing as she has not been tested in more than three hundred years. Can she hold together and put through the program to which she has set her hand by the act of her duly accredited delegates? If she

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can do this, the world will applaud her efforts, and Ireland will at some later day accept the congratulations of all mankind on an achievement which is very near the hearts of men and women to whom the existing arrangement is anathema. But nothing can be gained by making war on the Free State, or by attempting to tie its hands, or even by refusing to play its game. To advocate a policy of simple obstruction on the part of the minority is to go to school to Belfast and follow the counsels of desperation; and this way lies chaos, and the English jibe at "the usual Celtic intransigency," and the reoccupation of the island by the Black and Tans, and the loss of everything for which Irish men and women have suffered and endured for more than twenty generations.

Will Miss O'Connor tell us what *The Nation*, or the rest of us, or the Free State Government itself, can do except use the thing as it is with the view of arriving as speedily as we may at the thing as we believe it should be?

Oakland, California, April 8 WILLIAM HIGGS

What Does Gandhi Look Like?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with a vicious article about Mahatma Gandhi—written to discredit the comparison now being widely made between Jesus of Nazareth and the great leader of my country, Mahatma Gandhi—there has appeared in the New York *Times* a hideous picture with the caption "Gandhi" intended of course to bear out the word-picture by the writer of this article which attempts to make Mahatma Gandhi out an anti-Christ.

This picture is what is known in newspaperdom as a "doctored" photograph. George Creel has explained the whys and the wherefores of this sort of business in a pamphlet that can be easily obtained. He says that when for any reason it is decided to make a person out to be other than he is photographs are made over to fit the occasion. The picture of India's great leader that was so used has appeared so often in the press of this city that it was necessary to add glasses to it to create the illusion that it *was* in truth a bona fide photograph. Gandhi never wears glasses. I have seen Gandhi and I can testify that no picture, even the best that have appeared in our papers and magazines, comes near to doing justice to the man. Frazier Hunt has well described him in the words, "He had eyes that were deep with pity and love and burning bright with a great purpose. His soft, cultivated voice and gentle manner, his beautiful courtesy to one and all who may want to talk with him well bear out his thought that even violence in thought—not to speak of deed—is far from him."

And one of the greatest papers of the world—so called—pictures this man (said by no less a person that Colonel Wedgewood, an Englishman, to be like unto Christ) with the expression of the lowest criminal—and this, be it said, in the interests of anti-Indian propaganda! Time was when American papers would not have so outrageously debased their standards of honor to serve an imperialistic cause.

New York, April 11 HARI G. GOVIL

[This is an old story familiar to every careful student of the controversies of the day. It is strikingly set forth by Goethe about another prophet and philosopher in the following excerpt from "Dichtung und Wahrheit" (Oxenham translation): "I had not thought of Spinoza for a long time, and now I was driven to him by an attack upon him. In our library I found a little book, the author of which railed violently against that original thinker; and to go the more effectually to work, had inserted for a frontispiece a picture of Spinoza himself, with the inscription 'Signum reprobationis in vultu gerens,' 'bearing on his face the stamp of reprobation.' This there was no gainsaying, indeed, so long as one looked at the picture; for the engraving was wretchedly bad, a perfect caricature; so that I could not help thinking of those adversaries who, when they conceive a dislike to anyone, first of all misrepresent him, and then assail the monster of their own creation."—EDITOR THE NATION.]

John Maynard Keynes'

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The Roving Critic

"POETS are the unacknowledged legislators of the world," said Shelley in his "Defense of Poetry," quoting, it now appears, from "A Philosophical View of Reform" which he had already written but which only after a hundred years has been published (Oxford), in a handsome and fitting first edition. If it was the poet in Shelley which made him say that "it is in politics rather than in religion that faith is meritorious," it was the politician in him which admitted that "nothing is more idle than to reject a limited benefit because we cannot without great sacrifices obtain an unlimited one." His manner in his treatise, so far as he could make it, is the politician's: not merely does he contend for the righteousness of reform but he studies the "practicability and utility" of it and the probable and desirable modes of bringing it about. He would repudiate the national debt, abolish the standing army, do away with sinecures and titles and tithes and religious tests, and make justice cheap, certain, and speedy—proceeding, however, he insists, with every consideration for those who must be put out of power and with every care to prepare public opinion before any great changes should be introduced. Beneath these counsels of reasonableness, of course, are the poet's passion and vision, and it is they, also of course, which give the book its power. With what poetic simplicity he views the struggle between "tyranny" and "liberty"! With what poetic range he runs his eye over the wide world to discover the fires of revolution! With what poetic trust he lays upon the eloquence of men like Godwin, Hazlitt, Bentham, and Hunt the duty of persuading the House of Commons with memorials to show "the universal conviction they entertain of the inevitable connection between national prosperity and freedom"! "These appeals of solemn and emphatic argument," says the poet, "from those who have already a predestined existence among posterity, would appal the enemies of mankind by their echoes from every corner of the world in which the majestic literature of England is cultivated; it would be like a voice from beyond the dead of those who will live in the memories of men, when they must be forgotten; it would be Eternity warning Time."

THERE is a difference between Walt Whitman, tossing his arms and roaring in new rhythms upon the tripod, and Waldo Frank, twisting his fingers and hemming and hawing upon the model's stand: the difference is that Whitman was trying to find a plain utterance for profound ideas and Waldo Frank is trying to find a profound utterance for plain ideas. "Rahab" (Boni and Liveright) is a good deal more confused than profound; it focuses attention not upon the oracle's new revelation but upon the priest's unprecedented postures. The story seems to be that of a wife who, driven from home for spontaneous and hygienic adultery, and driven by a disgustingly adulterous and bigoted husband, goes through muck undefiled; the doctrine seems to be that what the vulgar call salvation comes through what the vulgar call sin. Both story and doctrine call for careful statement, but both instead are clapper-clawed and mauled and dragged through keyholes and kept in the cellar until only God and Waldo Frank can quite guess what the row is all about. It is a pity, for Mr. Frank has at times a quite uncanny perception and a quite arresting candor. Where in fiction has the leaping flame of a man's jealousy been hinted at with a more fiery accuracy than on page 64 of this novel? And there is vividness in a method which, eschewing narrative, darts from mood to mood, seen always from within the consciousness. But the total effect is not that of clear light; it is that of lights tangled and blinding; it is that of several films projected all at once upon the same sheet, and all flickering. Is it imagistic? Occasionally it is, and yet the images are nearly all broken and lying about in wild disorder. "Rahab" is a heap of potsherds.

IN "The Study of American History" (Macmillan), the inaugural lecture of the Sir George Watson Chair of American History, Literature, and Institutions, Viscount Bryce contrived to pronounce most of the clichés which the hour would have seemed to a diplomatist to call for. He calls the Constitution of the United States "the greatest single contribution ever made to government as an applied science"; he points out that Americans have a share in their English past and that Chaucer and Shakespeare *et al.* are their voices as well as Britain's; that the Revolutionary War was practically a civil war in England; that the natural resources of the American continent are enormous; that the English-speaking peoples are the most influential bloc which has ever existed since the Roman Empire. He permits himself the luxury of such "facts" as that Andrew Jackson was elected President in 1834, that the mounds in "the wide-spreading plains of the Upper Mississippi" are the most important sources for our knowledge of the Indians, and that Americans do not call Englishmen "foreigners" any more than Englishmen call Americans by that dread name. Moreover, the entire argument is weakened by its central provincial assumption that the United States is an offshoot of England, when it is far more properly to be regarded as an offshoot of Europe taken as a whole: the great laboratory of new ground on which the defeated aspirations of many crowded nations have been tried, as yet to no ultimate conclusion. Blandness and benevolence—these are hardly enough with which to venture into such a discussion. There are, however, some penetrating remarks upon the functioning of the English and the American governments in international affairs, and a grave nobility in the language of the discourse, which make one forgive much that is trite and obvious.

THE clouds of Christianity and misunderstanding which gathered around Vergil during the Middle Ages have never quite been blown away; nor have matters been made much better by the sentimental commentators of a later date who deny that the great poet wrote his poorer works and who have found in him this or that definite allusion where none was called for and certainly none was sure. Recently, however, sensible research—first staff of criticism—has made it possible for Tenney Frank, in his compact, spare, fascinating "Vergil: A Biography" (Holt), to make the saint and wizard out a human being and a comprehensible artist. Here Vergil, life-like and lovely, goes as a youth from Mantua and Cremona to Rome, finds that public life is unendurable, seeks the Epicurean garden of Siro at Naples, there comes in contact with Oriental thought, is roused from his studies by the spectacle of Caesar, plans an epic which Caesar's death postpones, writes the "Eclogues" and "Georgics" with Naples not Mantua in mind, resists the tendency of Horace and his followers to bring verse too close to prose, under Augustus returns to an enthusiasm for Rome suggestive rather of Vergil's youth in a province than of his maturity in the capital, and erects the mighty structure of the "Aeneid." Mr. Frank has less imagination and he writes less well than the theme demands; he appears to hover, as a critic, somewhere between an accurate comprehension of what the Greeks meant by poetry and a disturbed longing for what, say, Coleridge meant by it; but he keeps his eye fixed upon his central theme and follows his poet along a path which is often dim with a tread which is unusually firm.

"CURTAINS" (Lane) by Hazel Hall is a grave and delicate volume of verse such as few seasons bring forth. The themes are sternly limited: a woman sits in a quiet room, in effect if not in fact remote from the world, and thinks or sews without relief. But from those limitations, as always from limitations of some sort, poetry is pressed. Hours, days, seasons, years pass audibly, like persons in the street—indeed, are better known; good and bad shadows come in infinite variety; the silence is alive.

CARL VAN DOREN

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Books

An Exhibition of Seams

White and Black. By H. A. Shands. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.90.
Birthright. By T. S. Stribling. The Century Company. $1.90.

HAVE we been romancing, for eight or ten generations, about the capacity for chivalry of the white race? Here are two new books, by two white Southerners, on the American race question, extraordinary slices of fictionalized realism, which make us rub our eyes. Neither from H. A. Shands's "White and Black" nor from T. S. Stribling's "Birthright" do we receive a hint of racial noblesse oblige. The garment of our race relations has been pulled off us wrong side out, and here are the seams all showing.

Mr. Shands's book makes clearer than Mr. Stribling's the surprising impertinence of the white man's language to the Negro. Possibly this is because the book consists almost entirely of rural Texas talk. Robertson, the hero, is shown us as a careworn family man, a man essentially thoughtful and unselfish, yet reduced supposably by custom and the sacred duty of maintaining racial inequality, to the use of a singularly unpleasant mixture of bullying and jocoseness every time he opens his mouth to a Negro. The unspeakable liberties he takes with Joe Williams, in speaking of the different degrees of blackness of Williams's three daughters, at last provokes Williams to say that he wishes white men would leave black women alone: whereupon Robertson with instant bluster orders him to drop the subject and "get that mule hitched to the plow." In like manner, on the night of the burning of Ulysses Mulberry, when it would seem to the uninitiated that the women of the victim's race most needed comfort and protection, Robertson bursts into Cindy's bedroom and pulls her out of bed with laconic orders to go and comfort his wife.

This wife of Robertson's is a remarkably fine portrait. It is she who achieves the monumental patronage of reminding Cindy that Jesus died for others as well as for the white folks. It is she, too, who when she finds that the terrified father of Ulysses Mulberry has been hidden by her husband in his barn from the sadistic fury of the whites, reproaches him for the imaginary danger his action placed her in. In vain Robertson reminds her that she had two stalwart protectors, and that there was no real danger. "It took an hour of entreaty and lavished endearments to assuage her."

The economic seam is strikingly displayed in "White and Black." "I knows," says Madison Mulberry, "all about dat ten per cent de sto'keepers adds on for de landlords." "But do you suppose," Robertson replies, "I'm going to stand [credit] for all you niggers for nothing?" "Don't you git de rent," Mulberry retorts, "a fo'th of de cotton and a third of de cawn? Whut do you call dat?" This is the cue for the white man to don the imperial. "I call it impudence, that's what I call it," Robertson replies. "You get out of here, and get quick."

But if the Texas novel excels in portraying the white manner toward the black man, it is the Tennessee novel, "Birthright," which best displays the profound vulgarity of the conversation of white men among themselves about the Negro. To them he seems so incurably comic in his helotry that the passing of a Negro funeral only reminds them of a string of Negro funeral jokes. The homecoming of a Negro soldier who has been decorated by Congress for bayoneting "fo' white men!" is made the occasion for a ceremonious welcome by his colored compatriots; to his white ones it seems both humorous and wise to arrest him in the midst of the celebration on an old crap-shooting charge. And when the hero of "Birthright"—if "Birthright" has a hero—the Harvard mulatto who has come back to teach among his people is cheated out of the sweated dollars they have subscribed for his plan, the humorous white merchants find the whole affair unmitigatedly droll. Purely droll it would have seemed to them to see how hard the young graduate found it to sit at his mother's table and eat the tainted ham she had bought for a pittance from a white woman, or the salmon "coquettes" Miss Mollie Brownell had given her the spoiled fish for.

There is much in current Negro life that neither of these books takes any notice of. They mention none of the organized movements such as the Urban League, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Garvey movement, the Negro press, the Negro colleges. Nor do white efforts toward race democracy come into their pictures. Their cameras are pointed lower. It is frankly low life, low on both sides, that they are concerned with showing. Why were these books written? Both bear on every page the stamp of disinterestedness. "White and Black"—the more sustained and impressive of the two—is evidently amateur; and Mr. Stribling writes like one sophisticated indeed for his age, but still immature. Both are free from the only-half-in-earnest tone of the too thoroughly professional. On the other hand, neither of them seems to have any very serious intention in advancing his odds and ends of timid remedies. It would seem, at times, as if the author of "Birthright" had hoped to make a theory out of love and the principle of the woman's choice. But the whole affair between the mulatto and the octoroon is so tepid and so casual that the ups and downs of its progress leave the reader regretting the exciting Jim-Crow realism of the first fifty pages as the really significant part of the book. In "White and Black," too, the last page expires on a mere sigh of profound disquiet. Was it written only to free the laboring heart of one who had long and sharply observed these things? Or is it propaganda, that subtlest propaganda, which purposely deletes all weakening opinion from the invincible oratory of the facts?

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

Women as Poets

A Book of Women's Verse. Edited with a Prefatory Essay by J. C. Squire. Oxford University Press. $3.75.
Dreams Out of Darkness. By Jean Starr Untermeyer. B. W. Huebsch, Inc. $1.50.
Fairy Bread. By Laura Benét. Thomas Seltzer. 75 cents.
Nets to Catch the Wind. By Elinor Wylie. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.
Hymen. By H. D. Henry Holt and Company. $1.75.

IT is not condescension that is implied when women poets are grouped for review. Neither is it that curiosity which, according to Mr. Squire, "people do feel about women's contributions to the arts," a curiosity "common to all kinds of persons, from those who exaggerate the differences between the sexes to those who seem to think that they can eradicate them"—a curiosity, in short, which is only another name for condescension. Mr. Squire condescends to everything he touches. Dabblers do. Desiring to appear carelessly at home in literature, "Solomon Eagle" has gone about for years in négligé. But négligé in any but a master degenerates to dishabille; "A Book of Women's Verse," entertaining in parts as it may be, is also very slovenly. The preface seems to have been designed for no other purpose than to show that Mr. Squire had read more poetesses than he put in—though one notes that he did not put in Emily Dickinson, who by any competent count would increase the honor list of three (Emily Brontë, Mrs. Browning, and Christina Rossetti) to four, and surely would take a place somewhere above the fourth. Mr. Squire has not even read his proof. A certain predecessor in the business of collecting women's verse whom on one page he calls "Mr. Rowton," damning him there with the epithets "thief," "hypocrite," "oily and prolix driveler," and "louse on the locks of literature," he calls on another page "Mr. Morton." And Mary Oxlie of Morpet becomes Mary Oxlie *or* Morpet. In a woman this would be sluttishness, or something of the sort.

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No, it is not condescension and it is not curiosity. Rather it is conviction that there is such a thing as woman's poetry, that women write differently from men just as they speak differently from men. Exactly what the difference is psychology may have to determine—or failing that, time, and a greater accumulation of examples. For the present it seems sufficient to observe and define some types.

Mrs. Untermeyer obscures the problem in certain of her poems through being too much occupied with doctrine. Like Anna Wickham, whose "Contemplative Quarry" last year was rather more fascinating to persons interested in the relations between the sexes than to persons interested in poetry, she represents woman in a controversial aspect, and that aspect, because it is at once abstract and temporary, is never of the first importance either in woman or in man. So Anti-Erotic, Eve before the Tree, and Lullaby for a Man-Child, interesting as they are, and significant as they may seem to the taste of readers whose tongues have been salted in advance with feminism or anti-feminism, give way before the deeper, clearer pieces, Little Dirge, The Old Tune, From the Day-Book of a Forgotten Prince, and During Darkness. These are not remarkable, but they are respectable.

Laura Benét has both the advantage and the disadvantage of being easy to place.

> Its wicked little windows leer
> Beneath a moldy thatch,
> And village children come and peer
> Before they lift the latch.
>
> A one-eyed crow hops to the door,
> Fat spiders crowd the pane,
> And dark herbs scattered on the floor
> Waft fragrance down the lane.

The author of these stanzas clearly belongs to the neat, ingenuous, crisp-lipped school of women poets to whom Edna St. Vincent Millay, at least in one of her phases, is showing the road. Pennies, barrel organs, primroses, fairies, witches in small houses, thrushes, kitchen-crocks, pansies, thistles, cows—these hop forth in the tiniest, prettiest quatrains to the accompaniment of tinkling music. It is an artificial school, and the product is fragile. It is creditable to women that they can do such work, but it would be travesty to say that they can do no more. Laura Benét succeeds not quite so well as certain of her sisters in making us believe in "lightsome," "elfin" things, but her book, which incidentally weighs about as much as a feather, is charming.

"Nets to Catch the Wind," another small volume, but severer, is verse of superior accomplishment, yet so far only accomplishment. Though few more capable volumes appeared last year, some have appeared which will make a deeper mark because artistically they are more sincere. A reader of these poems will be aware that their author has taken pains in each separate case to be brilliant and hard, compact and new, swift and surprising. Just who she is that performs so well, however, will not be clear. There is a dangerous lack of unity; there is no point of view. Nowadays it is seldom that critics feel like asking poets to be more personal. That recommendation can safely be made to Mrs. Wylie. She is an artist; now let her be less cold; let her eschew unfeelable things like "the milk-white hounds of the moon," "landscapes drawn in pearly monotones," "jade buds," and "berries of chrysoprase"; let her performances become poems.

The tendency between her appearances to forget that there is such a person as "H. D." is equaled only by the necessity, when she does appear, of crying out that she is the most perfect woman poet alive. It is six years now since "Sea Garden," and it is three since "Choruses from the Iphigeneia in Aulis and the Hippolytus of Euripides." "Hymen" surpasses those volumes in all the qualities which "H. D." so brilliantly stands for: compression, intensity, color, and granite-hard form. "H. D." is that unique thing, an imagist poet with passion as well as pattern. There are no wastes of prose in her gemmy pages; there is no conceit, no languor, in her pen. She goes on carving her Greek world out of pure, white rock, inlaying it all the while with Mediterranean purple and the hues of wind-flowers infinitely alive. It would require more paper than she has ever filled to analyze the beauty she creates. One example is not enough, of course, but Leda may suffice:

> Where the slow river
> meets the tide,
> a red swan lifts red wings
> and darker beak,
> and underneath the purple down
> of his soft breast
> uncurls his coral feet.
>
> Through the deep purple
> of the dying heat
> of sun and mist,
> the level ray of sunbeam
> has caressed
> the lily with dark breast,
> and flecked with richer gold
> its golden crest.
>
> Where the slow lifting
> of the tide,
> floats into the river
> and slowly drifts
> among the reeds,
> and lifts the yellow flags,
> he floats
> where tide and river meet.
>
> Ah kingly kiss—
> No more regret
> nor old deep memories
> to mar the bliss;
> where the low sedge is thick,
> the gold day-lily
> outspreads and rests
> beneath soft fluttering
> of red swan wings
> and the warm quivering
> of the red swan's breast.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Man Behind the Doctrine

James Monroe. By George Morgan. Small, Maynard and Company. $4.

BEFORE many moons have passed the chronicler will enter it in his record that the hundredth anniversary of the Monroe Doctrine is being celebrated. It is to be hoped that the return of that great day will be made the occasion for reviewing, in the light of the new balance of world powers, the problem of Latin-American relations. Indeed it is imperative that this should be done, for so fine is the present equipoise of nations that a single shot at Serajevo may overturn thrones and governments in distant lands. Whether in the critical days to come, the millions of peoples to the southward will be for us or against us depends upon our interpretation and application of the Monroe Doctrine. Everyone knows that in its original form and intent it is obsolete. There are no "crowned heads" in Europe threatening the independence of the Latin-American republics. It is not likely that any European Power contemplates annexing new colonies on this side of the Atlantic. There is no longer any question of protecting the Latin-American peoples—except against the American exploiters who want to carry the army, the navy, and the flag with them to protect their 10 per cent investments (with commission). That is

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the heart of the matter, and the lethargic citizens of the United States, by allowing the processes of the past ten years to continue, can raise up a mass of hatred and distrust in Latin America that will sorely plague all of us in the days to come. Mr. Root has said to the people of the Southern Hemisphere that "we deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire." But if we look to deeds instead of words it is not difficult to characterize that statement. It is not necessary to characterize it. Every school child by this time should have heard of our exploits in Haiti and Santo Domingo. There need be no appeal to sentiment or to justice. Men bent on 10 per cent and commissions pay small heed to such things. But there are practical grounds for a new policy. By alienating the Latin-American people we cut off potential markets and raise up enemies who, in the next world war when this untried empire enters the fiery furnace, will pay us back in coin like unto our own. Moreover it is bad business to allow investment banking to interfere with the slower but surer development of commodity exchange.

It is altogether fitting therefore that this should be the occasion for reviewing the life and times of James Monroe. This is true even though nothing except the "doctrine" saves him from the kind of oblivion that overwhelmed Franklin Pierce and Millard Fillmore. There is nothing dashing or attractive in Monroe's career. He was not impetuous like Hamilton or given to philosophy like Madison. Commonplace is the correct adjective to apply to him. Yet he lived in great days, was associated with great men, and managed by the fortune of politics to make his way, thanks to the Virginia succession, into the presidency. He served in the Revolutionary War, but so did many other men of more discernment and equal valor. He opposed the adoption of the Constitution, cut a rather sorry figure as a diplomat, and discharged the duties of Secretary of State in a heroic epoch without making a master stroke that anyone not a professional historian cares to remember.

When all is done and said, it is the doctrine that keeps Monroe's memory green, and there is a great diversity of opinion as to the share of credit that belongs to Monroe himself. We need not accept at par the value which John Quincy Adams placed on his own services in that connection. Neither is it necessary for us to accept with Mr. Morgan "the testimony of Calhoun that Monroe cut and shaped it with his own hand." Many men and many minds were at work on the problem presented by the independence of the Spanish colonies and the imperial ambitions of the mother country. Jefferson and Madison, both experienced and far-sighted, gave Monroe the benefit of their counsel. Our minister in London, Rush, the tireless John Quincy Adams, and many other men of affairs saw deeply and spoke sagely. From all this Monroe had the wisdom to profit. Time and circumstance made his message immortal. That was his good fortune, not a tribute to his genius.

In all these matters, Mr. Morgan is far from critical. Indeed he has not written a critical biography, but rather a genial story that will engage the interest of those who like to while away a long evening with a judicious mixture of personalia, gossip, and history. Mr. Morgan does not work according to the rules of the American historical guild. He takes things as they come to him, quoting with equal zeal from a high-school history or a primary source. Still he has read widely and seized upon many interesting episodes to enliven his pages. He goes far enough into the affairs of the family and does not overlook any significant event in Monroe's career. Even the help which Monroe gave to Thomas Paine during his days in Paris is not forgotten. There is also a large background to the canvas, for Mr. Morgan imagines that most of his readers will not recall, perhaps, the exact year in which Washington laid down the burdens of his office. Professed historians will find many things to quarrel about, and masters of taste who like their biographies done in the style of Lytton Strachey will be discontented with the plain and rather colorless narrative. Still those who take life as it comes will discover pleasure and profit in Mr. Morgan's plain record of a very plain man.

CHARLES A. BEARD

The Critic in the Market-Place

The Drama and the Stage. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

THE academic critic proud of his integrity may save his soul by closeting himself with the masterpieces and disdaining the living and imperfect world of art around him, but the critic who descends into the market-place faces two dangers. Too often he becomes subdued to the stuff he works in. He forgets the heights upon which we presume that he disciplined his judgment. He comes to accept the standards of the street, and if he retains any shreds of discretion he must be amazed many times to find that both he and the public have totally forgot some work which two years before he had pronounced immortal. And if, on the other hand, the critic escape stultification from his constant immersion in mediocrity it is likely to be at the expense of his power of fresh perception, for he grows a protective covering of disdain which no new excellence can penetrate. Disgruntled by the torrent of trash which overwhelms every age, he fails to perceive the excellence which is to be found always here and there, and dismisses all with a contemptuous gesture, thus aiding as little as his "popular" contemporary in winnowing the grain. It is these facts which make anything like genuine criticism of contemporary literature so rare, and it is because Mr. Lewisohn escapes so completely from the dilemma that he is the most significant of our dramatic critics. Forced by his integrity to be usually in the opposition, he has nevertheless kept not only his tolerance and his humor but also a remarkable power of seizing upon and of revealing the true and the beautiful wherever it may be found.

It is because he loves the theater that he would chastise it, and when I say that he loves the theater I do not mean that he loves those tawdry mysteries which dazzle the stage-struck. He does not love the world of footlight and rouge, and even less does he love the esoteric doctrine of "play-building" and the art of distinguishing those things which are supposed to be "of the theater." What he does love is simply that irresistible impulse of man to have his say upon life and death, upon the heavens above and the earth beneath—that impulse which happens to find its medium of expression sometimes in the theater, sometimes in the printed page, and sometimes in the chipped marble or the plucked string.

Nor does Mr. Lewisohn fail to be keenly aware of the peculiar dangers of the stage, which probably tends more than any other medium to seduce the artist into conventionality and meretriciousness. He keeps constantly to the fore the fact that the significance or insignificance of any artist depends not upon his dexterity but upon his soul. Impatient of all questions of dramatic construction or technique as such, Mr. Lewisohn sweeps such things aside in order to reach that significance which every work simply has or has not at its heart, and he forgives no trifling, however solemn or artistic its pretense. In a word, he practices criticism upon an art which is discussed, for the most part, by men who, to judge from the newspapers and magazines, do not know what criticism is. For criticism is not gossip of plays and players, and no more is it the chronicling, however bright or intelligent, of the appearance of this or that play. It is an attempt to penetrate into the soul of a work and to discover what the author meant, how sincerely and passionately he meant it, and, finally, how true and how important is his meaning.

The peculiar virtue of Mr. Lewisohn's little essays—all originally published in *The Nation*—lies in the fact that, taken together, they form an approach to those realities which find expression in the theater. Time and again he reveals with ex-

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traordinary finesse the innermost significance of some work, yet these specific instances are but examples of a critical method which seeks primarily not merely to discuss some particular character or problem but to indicate the most fruitful approach to character and problem. Mr. Lewisohn has his own vision of life, not dogmatic yet definite, and he recognizes quickly the insight of others because he has insight himself. He is a wise critic chiefly because he is a wise man. He takes up that most difficult ground which lies between the flippancy of the average man, the aesthete, or the dilettante, and the earnestness of the high-brow. He would stand upon the heights not because he is learned or proper or grave or cold, but because he is one of the rare ones who know that the heartiest laughter and the intensest emotion take place within the control of the mind and that the most powerful of passions is the passion of the intellect. He knows that comedy is not jokes and tragedy not deaths, but that both are fragmentary attempts to discharge that duty which man took up when he first ceased to be the accepting animal and became Criticizing Man. Mr. Lewisohn's contempt is for all who would shirk this burden in the simplifications of melodrama, sentiment, or farce, and his respect is for all who shoulder it in recognizing the complexity of the moral world.

To live in a shifting cosmos where Justice, Truth, and Virtue must be defined again and again is to lead a strenuous existence, and man loves repose. The play-builder flatters our sense of repose by assuming the conventional values as absolute; the dramatist questions and disturbs. Hence the latter is not likely, here at least, to attract the greatest audiences, for it is not to the intellect that our ideal of the strenuous life applies. Accordingly we delight in prettiness while we fear beauty, but we pay for our timidity by the tameness of our emotions. Considering things thus, it is not so difficult to understand how Mr. Lewisohn maintains so consistently his tolerance and his urbanity in the face of the philistine. For what but pity can one have for those who have known no emotion profounder than that which can be aroused by uncritical comedy or brainless melodrama—for those to whom it is never given to put away childish things and who remain to the end of their days pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw?

J. W. KRUTCH

Romain Rolland in Perspective

Pages Choisies de Romain Rolland. Avec une introduction et des notices par Marcel Martinet. Paris: Libraire Paul Ollendorff. 2 vols.

THE creative artist who has a unified conception of life is likely to find himself in a curious predicament. His artistic instinct bids him try to give his complete works some sort of structural unity. Yet these works must be produced over a long period of time, subject to revisions of his point of view by life itself. One sees these Titans hurling mountains of various forms and sizes. Goethe grapples with this technical problem by writing the first part of "Faust" in middle life and the second part in his old age. Beethoven starts an epic sequence of symphonies in youth and keeps them going till his death. Dante produces an harmoniously ordered artistic unit in trilogy form. Milton, after his longer epic, tacks on a shorter one. Wagner and Tolstoi, possessed of this epic imagination, produce colossal works in mid-career—the "Ring" and "War and Peace"—then go on building separate edifices after their cathedrals are built.

The difficulty is that the epic form is not, properly, a one-man job. It is the product of many hands and several generations. But certain teeming and herculean intellects will not be dissuaded from having a go at it: they will attempt to produce an epic single-handed and in a single lifetime. This struggle of the artist to encompass his most grandiose conceptions one sees unconsciously expressed in the two-volume collection of excerpts from the works of Romain Rolland, very ably chosen and most skilfully joined together by the revolutionary poet, Marcel Martinet. Those "three periods" so dear to critics and biographers are here clearly distinguishable. The first includes everything previous to "Jean-Christophe": the critical essays, the plays, and the three heroic biographies "Michelangelo," "Tolstoy," and "Beethoven." The second period is, of course, "Jean-Christophe." The third, allowing for "Colas Breugnon" as a scherzo impromptu or comic interlude, includes the essays, novels, and Aristophanic satire dealing with the war: "Above the Battle," "The Forerunners," "Liluli," "Pierre et Luce," and "Clerambault." These last three are not yet included in the present collection of excerpts, but are to be added in a forthcoming third volume.

In all this cathedral architecture "Jean-Christophe" is, of course, the spire. It is a completed epic and more than one must have wondered how its author was going to be able to prevent the rest of his life from seeming like an anticlimax. It is clear, too, from this résumé of Rolland's works that he thinks in terms of "cycles," huge canvases, whole ranges of buildings, not single statues but groups over an entire façade. The earlier cycles—the dramas and the heroic biographies—remained uncompleted. "Jean-Christophe" stands a finished work. Can the cathedral builder content himself thereafter with designing parish churches? Must the artist begin a new epic? Can he? In the pages of this collection of excerpts one sees how life answered this question for Romain Rolland, as it answered for Wagner and Tolstoi in the corresponding stage of their careers. They have ceased to be artists primarily. They have become, in one sort or another, world-figures, prophets. That part of Romain Rolland's work subsequent to "Jean-Christophe" may be less grandiose artistically. It is more significant in the history of our age. The epic turns from art to life. The word becomes flesh.

This culling and condensing of a body of work as voluminous as Romain Rolland's has now become, needed to be done, and to be done by someone as close to Rolland in time, sympathy, and personal acquaintance as Marcel Martinet; for readers of another generation, unlike us who have pounced eagerly on these works as they appeared one at a time, may hesitate before their bulk and variety. "What? Read all that?" exclaimed a scholarly I. W. W. to me of "Jean-Christophe" not so long ago. Martinet's condensation will enable the skimming reader, in some sort, to "read all that," while luring hungry minds into the works themselves. It forms, in fact, with its text and comment, a critical biography in itself.

LUCIEN PRICE

Drama

Plays of Old Japan

The No-Plays of Japan. Translated by Arthur Waley. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THIS beautiful book is full of beautiful images and elegiac reflections. As a piece of translation it is manifestly in no need of praise; as a literary discovery, influence, and model its value for us is by no means equally clear. These playlets are full of wistful loveliness and subdued lamentation over "the sad ways of the world and the bitter ordinances of it." But it occurred to none of the medieval makers of the plays that these sad ways or bitter ordinances could be changed. Their art was servile, hieratical, conventional—a frozen gesture wherewith to soothe or, at most, move to a gentle dreaming the heart of the Shogun, the August Presence. The forms and the subjects and the methods of inner treatment of the No-Plays were all prescribed, so that the authors of them were not artists—proclaimers, prophets, creators—at all, but artificers who, like makers of swords or bracelets, merely varied within impersonal and narrow limits the traditional ornaments upon a changeless form.

Such is the character of the literature of our own dark and middle ages, too. But even amid the stock epithets of old English verse or the conventionalized tags of the ballad-makers there blows every now and then the prophetic wind of personal

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expression and of the creative will. No breath of that kind ruffles the exquisite folds of these plays of old Japan. Many of them were founded upon dance-ballads. But whatever energy and wildness these folk-ballads may have had was subdued, by the fourteenth century, to the hush of ceremonial. The art of Seami, his contemporaries and successors, is a purely decorative and, despite its delicate charm of diction and no doubt rhythm, a wholly lifeless one.

It is Mr. Waley himself who forces me to emphasize this aspect of his versions. He speaks contemptuously of the Western drama which is, as he rightly says, an "organized piece of human experience"; he offers these Japanese plays as admirable models to those people in Europe and America who "would like to see a theater that aimed boldly at stylization and simplification." Mr. Waley, in brief, is one of those weary souls who want the art of the West to give up its function of personal expression, of the interpretation and mastery of reality, and return to a passive, hieratic gesture, to a beauty drained of energy and creative force, to the waving of a fan and the scattering of petals. He forgets that in medieval Japan, as elsewhere under similar conditions, these exquisite servile arts were the amusements of oligarchs sated with reality in terms of blood who condescended to forget rapine and slaughter amid the dancing girls and players of their court. He forgets that when art abstains from personal expression and free creation that abstention is in itself an interpretation and a sufficiently sinister one of the society in which it is exercised. He forgets that, though the Homeric poems deal like these plays with the obscure brawls of contending clans, yet Homer gave us men—free personalities who sought to master and recreate their world, who had defiant traffic with their very gods and went questing for adventure, wisdom, freedom as far as their rude craft would carry them. **That is the tradition of the West.** These No-Plays were written to be played in hot palaces. The August Presence might be displeased and have the mime's head chopped off. It is absurd to desire to reduce the theater of Ibsen and Hauptmann to the limitations of a servile art. Seami did the best he could; he and many of his fellow-workers were lyrical poets, at least, of a high order. They were not dramatists at all. The society in which they lived forbade the attempt.

Many of the little lyrical playlets that Mr. Waley gives us have, in themselves, a faint but very poignant beauty. There is Kageyiko, a blameless Japanese Oedipus who descants on the old subject of mutability and is sought out by his faithful daughter; there is Komachi who was fair in her youth and had many lovers and is now, in her pathetic old age, possessed by the soul of the lover whom she tormented most; there is the poor cormorant-fisher who earns his bread by breaking the Buddhist law against taking life and utters verses worthy of the wearier poems of the Greek Anthology. There are, also, bits of folk and fairy lore like the legend of the magic pillow or of the angel's stolen robe, and there is one little symbolist play in a more modern sense concerning the threatened absorption of Japanese poetry by Chinese subjects and technique. And the verse is constantly charming with that indeterminate and wavering charm—half yearning, half a resignation beyond bitterness—which the Japanese call *yugen*. Mr. Waley's book is, indeed, like a cabinet full of fragile and priceless old porcelains and ivories. These things are precious possessions in themselves and significant of the past of our race. Yet even that comparison gives the No-Plays too much significance. The Japanese ivory carvers had an astonishing grasp of objective reality. The playlets are thin and wraith-like. They are like the shades of the underworld, and no Odysseus will ever give them a drink of that vintage which can make them speak.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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Says YES

Harry WATON
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Says NO

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International Relations Section

Breaking the Backbone of Famine

By L. T.

THE famine situation was the crucial test of the ability of the Soviet Government to cope with the internal economic problems of Russia. It was probably more of a test than the problems of reconstruction which loomed ahead after the termination of the civil war. The famine naturally compelled the Soviet leaders to begin what is called "the retreat from communism." It required the concentration of all attention and the taxing of all energies in a supreme effort to save from imminent death the millions of persons faced with a famine which threatened to drag the whole country into the abyss of complete destruction. It was a question of life and death not of a ruling group but of a great nation bent upon laying the foundations of a new social freedom while struggling in the clutches of ruin and devastation caused by seven years of continual warfare, first during the World War, and then during the revolution and civil war.

Eight months have passed since the first warning of the menacing disaster was sounded. These have been the hardest months for the semi-starving nation which has been compelled to fall back mainly upon its own limited resources in its effort to fight off the specter of annihilation. These have been the decisive months, and now that the first period of the struggle is completed, it is possible to get a summary of the famine relief work. This has been done by the Moscow *Izvestia* in its special famine issue of March 15. In the reports of the several government departments and agencies engaged in the famine relief work a wealth of statistical material and sidelights upon the famine situation is given which, taken together, produces an impressive picture of the successes achieved amid the ruin, stress, and impoverishment of the Soviet state, and gives a brighter aspect to the immediate future. It also indicates the need for continued unremitting effort especially on the part of foreign relief organizations. The gains that have so far been made may all go for nothing if the population is not carried through to the harvest and seed made available for the fall planting.

This summary is the best reply to all those who have been trying to hold aloof from or even to obstruct the relief work either from a cynical hope that the Soviets might be crushed under the burden of the famine or from honest skepticism as to the adequacy of the Soviets to carry out and collaborate in the work of relief.

The reports given deal with the extent of the famine, the relief work done by the Soviet government agencies, the campaign to furnish the seeds for the future crop so that a repetition of the situation of the summer of 1921 may be averted, the relief work of the Russian population and of the many trades unions, cooperative societies, and committees which have submitted themselves to hardships and deprivations in order to save from starvation their fellow-countrymen in the famine regions; and the work of the foreign relief organizations, such as the American Relief Administration, the Fritjof Nansen organization, the Society of Friends, the International Workers' Committee for the Relief of the Famine Stricken, and similar organizations.

The Extent of the Famine

According to the elaborate data compiled by the Central Department of Statistics the famine-stricken area comprised a population of 35,331,000 in the RSFSR and 7,602,000 in the Ukrainian Socialist Soviet Republic. In all 42,933,000 people of whom 36,528,000 are peasants and 6,405,000 of the city population. According to the returns of the crops this population is divided as follows:

	Peasant population	City population	Total
No returns in RSFSR...	11,672,000	1,204,000	12,876,000
Returns of less than 5 poods per person in RSFSR	8,340,000	1,633,000	9,973,000
Returns of less than 5 poods per person in USSR	1,141,000	147,000	1,288,000
Total of those whose returns were less than 5 poods per person	21,153,000	3,084,000	24,137,000
Returns of from 5 to 10 poods per person in RSFSR	10,590,000	1,892,000	18,796,000
Returns of from 5 to 10 poods per person in USSR	4,785,000	1,529,000	
Total of famine stricken and those facing starvation	36,528,000	6,405,000	42,933,000

The population of the area which was entirely in the grip of the famine and which was therefore doomed to die was 26,028,000. According to their age these may be divided as follows:

Infants (less than a year)	630,000
Children of from 1 to 7 years.....	4,760,000
Children of school age (8-15 years).....	5,895,000
People of from 16 to 49 years.....	11,969,000
50 years and older	2,774,000
Total.....	26,028,000

The famine-stricken area, besides being one of the chief agricultural-producing parts of Russia, contained also an important part of Russia's industrial production. How the industry of this region was affected by the famine is shown by the following figures:

The production of this region in 1912 was 35.6 per cent of the industrial production of Russia. In 1920 it was 34 per cent, and in 1921, 22.1 per cent. The agricultural production of this region, which was 30 per cent of the agricultural production of Russia before the war, has fallen off to 16 per cent in 1921. This region, which normally had a surplus of several hundred millions of poods, showed a deficit of 220 million poods of grain in 1921.

The Seed Campaign for the Crop of 1922

Always with an eye to the future the Soviet authorities at the very outset were concerned with the problem of furnishing the seed for the future crop so as to avert a repetition of the disaster in 1922. The campaign was divided into two periods: First, to furnish seeds for the sowing of the winter crops. Second, the campaign to furnish seeds for the spring sowing. In his report the Commissar of Agriculture, Mr. Khalatov, points out that "the general need in seeds for the famine-stricken area was defined at 30,000,000 poods for the sowing of 5,435,000 dessiatins. Considering our limited resources, the small space of time in which to deliver the seed grain, and our transport situation, we of course could not even think of satisfying the whole need. After actual conditions were considered, a plan was worked out according to which 10,405,000 poods of seed grain were set aside for the autumn sowing in the Volga region."

Since only a small part of the need could be furnished from internal resources, the Commissariat of Foreign Trade was commissioned to import seed grain from abroad.

Mr. Khalatov further presents a table showing the needs of every province in the Volga region and the extent to which it

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was satisfied. The summary of this table gives the following net results of the campaign for the autumn sowing: The amount of seed grain demanded by the local agricultural departments was 30,343,000 poods. The general plan provided for 10,405,000 poods. The amount delivered from internal resources was 12,595,000 poods. The amount delivered by the Commissariat of Foreign Trade was 2,060,000 poods. The total amount delivered was 14,655,000 poods. The actual total, however, was greater, since about 2,000,000 poods have been furnished from the internal resources of the famine-stricken provinces, particularly in the southeast. Thus the state provided more than half of the needed seed grain for the autumn sowing.

The next problem was to furnish the grain necessary for the spring sowing. The amount required for this purpose was 35,012,000 poods. The Government assigned from its internal resources 24,450,800 poods, and commissioned the Commissariat of Foreign Trade to import 12,920,000 poods from abroad.

According to incomplete reports (up to March 15), 21,930,544 poods of seed grain from the internal resources have been brought to the railway stations, and 18,968,691 poods have been loaded. About 50 per cent of the whole amount provided by the government plan has already reached its destinations. Of the imported grain, according to figures covering the period up to March 12, 2,255,511 poods reached the Russian ports, 6,828,511 poods are on their way to Russia, and 3,362,000 are being loaded at the points where they have been bought. Thus the Soviet authorities are confident that they will be able to furnish the greater part of the grain needed for the spring sowing.

Financial Aid

Parallel to this work of providing for the future every effort was exerted to furnish immediate relief for the famine-stricken population. The amount of this relief can be judged by the sums which the Commissariat of Finances advanced to the different government departments engaged in the distribution of the relief funds. The amount advanced from the beginning of the relief campaign till the end of the year 1921 was 293,455,890,000 rubles. Of these the Commissariat of Supplies received 60,000,000,000 rubles for the distribution of free food. The all-Russian Central Executive Committee received 37,000,000,000 rubles for the same purpose. The Commissariat of Agriculture received some 23,000,000,000 rubles for the purchase of cattle; the Main Department of the Leather Industry, 25,000,000,000 rubles for the purchase of raw materials; the Department of Forests, 20,000,000,000 rubles for special works in the famine-stricken Mari and Chuvash regions; the Main Department of State Constructions, 20,000,000,000 rubles for the organization of building and ameliorative works; the Commissariat of Public Education, 12,000,000,000 rubles for the organization of children's homes.

During the same period the local government agencies in the famine-stricken regions received for their relief work the sum of 2,357,144,900,000 rubles. All these sums were advanced, of course, in Soviet paper rubles, which, notwithstanding the depreciation of the Soviet currency, have a considerable exchange value within Russia. Even according to conservative estimates the value of these sums as an exchange medium in Russia may be placed at from 50 to 60 million dollars.

Besides these sums the Commissariat of Finances advanced for the relief work 114,625,000 gold rubles ($58,000,000). Of these the Commissariat of Supplies received 102,500,000 gold rubles for the purchase of food stuffs; the Commissariat of Agriculture, 12,000,000 for the purchase of rye; and the Commissariat of Foreign Trade, 125,000 gold rubles for the transport of the shipments of the American Relief Administration.

At present work is in progress for a realization on the church treasures. All church valuables, as they are collected, are centered in the provincial commissariats of finance which, after estimating their value, advance the corresponding sums for the famine relief work. The valuables are then transferred into the custody of the State treasury, which finally realizes on them.

Donations by Private Persons and Unions in Russia

Besides the government relief, a certain amount of aid was given by private persons all over the territory of Soviet Russia. Not very much could be expected from this source owing to the general economic depression in Russia. Still an enumeration of the donations furnishes a considerable total:

1. *Donations in products*

	Grain	Other products
From the beginning of the relief campaign to January 1	2,131,976 poods	754,119 poods
During January, 1922	340,892 "	123,739 "
During February, 1922	718,903 "	162,613 "
Total up to March 1	3,191,771 poods	1,040,531 poods

2. *Donations in clothing and material*

Clothing, pieces	13,198	Various objects, pieces	387,503
Underwear, pairs	172,752	Shoes, pairs	8,355
Fabrics, arshins*	180,840	Coal and anthracite, poods	26,160
Tobacco, pounds	33,849	Cigarettes, pieces	2,240,614
Kerosene, poods	3,015	Matches, boxes	19,116
Wood, cubes	354	Soap, poods	2,874
Timber, carloads	150		

3. *Money donations*

From the beginning of the relief campaign to the end of the year	47,111,645,515 rubles
During January, 1922	19,808,287,386 "
During February, 1922	27,618,498,924 "
Total to March 1	94,538,431,325 rubles

The reports of the several trade unions are not quite complete. Still it is possible to form an idea of the relief work done by these organizations from the reports of some of them: Thus the Miners' Union contributed 182,000,000 rubles and furnished, through special work, 678,266 poods of coal and 600 poods of kerosene. The Leather Workers' Union contributed (up to December 15, 1921) 531,055,235 rubles, besides preparing shoes for the famine sufferers. The Printers' Union contributed 503,570,834 rubles and 4,000 poods of products. The Paper Workers' Union contributed 1,849,927,244 rubles, 2,197 poods of products, besides preparing, through special Sunday work, 70,000 gold rubles' worth of paper for the benefit of the famine stricken. The Sugar Workers' Union contributed 737,214,130 rubles, 1,247 poods of sugar, 13,000 poods of other products, and organized 8 children's homes. The Soviet Officials' Union gave 6,349,842,946 rubles, 1,600 poods of products, 40,000 arshins of fabrics, and 44,725 pieces of different necessities. The Textile Workers gave 1,739,043,349 rubles, 6,000 poods of products, and 700 poods of fabrics. The central committee of the Transport Workers collected money and goods valued at 24,836,221,681 rubles, besides maintaining children's homes and dining-rooms where 22,384 children are cared for. Similar reports are given for the clothing workers, chemical workers, metal workers, etc.

The Work of the Foreign Relief Organizations

Much enthusiasm is expressed in the reports over the work of the A. R. A. When the agreement between the A. R. A. and the Soviet authorities was signed in Riga in October the A. R. A. was supposed to feed 1,000,000 children in the Volga region. However this program was constantly increased and at present the number fed has been brought up to 2,000,000 children and 30,000 sick persons. As to the feeding of the adult population the whole program of the A. R. A. calls for the feeding of 5,000,000 persons, who are to receive a monthly ration of one pound of corn per day. At present the A. R. A. has allotted 4,000,000 of such monthly rations.

* An arshin is about 28 inches.

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At the date of the report in the *Izvestia*, early in March, eight ships of corn had been unloaded in the Black Sea ports; seventeen more ships were being unloaded in the ports of the Black and Baltic Seas; twenty-five ships, including fourteen ships of seed wheat bought in America through the A. R. A. for Russian gold were on their way to Russian ports. The work of unloading the ships in the ports is, on the whole, very satisfactory. The first two ships which arrived in the port of Novorossiisk were unloaded thirty hours ahead of the appointed time. In Feodosia one ship was unloaded five and a half days ahead of time. Similar results have been achieved in the port of Odessa. The longshoremen are exerting their maximum efforts to avoid any delay in the work of unloading the ships. The work of the A. R. A. was also considerably aided by the enthusiasm and efficiency shown by the railway workers, who have been quick to respond to the efforts of the Government to improve transport conditions, so as to insure the promptest delivery of the A. R. A. shipments and the internal shipments of seed grain. On the date of the report 130 trainloads of recently arrived American corn and wheat seed were on their way to the points of destination. Of these five had already arrived in Tsaritzin and two were being distributed in the villages. Two trainloads each had been received in Ufa, Samara, and Orenburg.

The Nansen organization is made up of a number of foreign organizations engaged in relief work in Russia. The work of all these organizations is expressed in the following figures:

The International Children's Relief Organization feeds 300,000 children and grown-ups in the province of Saratov and in the German Commune of the Volga region.

The Society of Friends is active in the parts which have suffered most. They are feeding 180,000 children and adults in the district of Buzuluk. Their program calls for the feeding of 300,000 persons. The American Quakers are also intending to import 1,000 horses from Kansas as an aid to the shattered agricultural communities in the district of Buzuluk.

The Swedish Red Cross feeds 46,000 persons in nine counties of the province of Samara. Presently its activities will be greatly extended since the Swedish Riksdag has advanced it 2,000,000 Swedish kronor for the relief work.

The Czecho-Slovakian Red Cross feeds ten villages.

The propaganda of Dr. Nansen has resulted in a considerable increase of foreign contributions for the famine relief work. The first result of his recent campaign is a shipload of 6,000 tons of rye which has already reached the port of Odessa. In response to the appeal of Dr. Nansen the Danish Red Cross allotted 200,000 kroner for the feeding of children and decided to send 250,000 poods of products for the relief of the grown-ups in the province of Saratov.

The Amsterdam Trade Union International, which works independently, is feeding 40,000 children in the Chuvash region.

The Holland Red Cross, in response to the appeal of Dr. Nansen, contributed 4,000 tons of food products.

Great energy is being exerted by the International Workers' Relief Organization. This organization is looking chiefly toward improving general agricultural conditions in the famine-stricken area. Accordingly its main work, besides furnishing immediate relief, is the purchase of agricultural machinery and implements. A considerable shipment of tractors purchased by this organization is already on its way to Russia. Up to the date of the report the Workers' Organization had collected 170,000,000 German marks for the relief work.

Smaller organizations collecting funds for famine relief work in different countries are working through the organizations named above or directly through the Soviet authorities.

These summaries furnish a certain idea of what has been and is being done in the fight against the famine. The *Izvestia* declares that the famine-stricken Volga region is emerging from the present crisis and is in a condition of convalescence. The situation still demands tremendous efforts on the part of all relief agencies, but the work done is at least a pledge for the future.

The Jews Turn to Genoa

THE following appeal has been issued from Moscow addressed "to all those who have suffered from pogroms, to their relatives and friends, to all those who know of persons killed in the pogroms, to their widows and orphans."

A conference of all nations is going to take place in Genoa on the 10th of April. At this conference the demand must be made that all nations which have armed, sent, or supported counter-revolutionary bands and armies which have, during the civil war, played havoc in the territory of Ukraine, White Russia, in the Gubernia of Homel, etc., be compelled to cover all the losses of the pogrom sufferers, to reconstruct their homes and households, to take care of the wounded, of the widows and orphans.

We therefore propose to all pogrom sufferers, their relatives, and friends, to state through the Jewish Public Committee the exact facts and figures of the damages which they have undergone, of destroyed homes, workshops, etc.; of persons who have lost partial or complete ability to work; of killed and wounded who had been the main supporters of the families afflicted (killed, maimed, raped); to specify where, the number of times, from what bands and the exact time you have suffered from a pogrom. It is advisable that mass meetings be arranged, meetings of pogrom sufferers and of Jewish citizens in general. At these meetings resolutions should be adopted to the effect that the capitalistic governments which have supported the counter-revolutionary armies and bands should cover the expenses necessary to reconstruct the destroyed households of the pogrom sufferers and to bring them relief.

Such resolutions should be sent to the Jewish Public Committee, which will transmit them together with other materials to the Russian delegation at Genoa.

Pogrom sufferers! Realize your duty toward yourselves. Hurry with the statements of the damages inflicted upon you.

PRAESIDIUM OF THE CULTURAL LEAGUE
PRAESIDIUM OF THE "ORT" (Society to Further Industrial and Agricultural Work Among the Jews)

A further appeal signed by representatives of the same Jewish organizations in Moscow was addressed to Jewish workers and Jewish citizens outside of Russia.

During seven years Russia has been suffering, first from the imperialist war and then from the civil war which was nursed by foreign governments. Terrible was the pain and great were the losses in lives and property, which the whole Russian population has suffered during these years. The killed and wounded, the maimed and ruined, the widows and orphans, the devastated households—who can count all this?

In the storm of destruction which swept over all Russia the most cruel were the sufferings and losses of the Jewish population. In whole regions the entire Jewish population was plundered and annihilated. The pogroms were organized by the counter-revolution in order to divert from itself the wrath of the suffering masses. This was the rule in the time of the Czarist regime, which enjoyed the support of its allies (England and France). But the horrors of the Czarist pogroms were nothing as compared with what the Jewish masses of the Ukraine, White Russia, the region of Homel, etc., have gone through since the governments which will participate at the Genoa Conference intervened in the life of Russia, started to organize the Russian counter-revolution, the Black Hundreds and White armies, and began to send their armies and bands to restore in Russia the power of the banker and landlord, the czar and the capitalist. It is impossible to enumerate all the bands which England and France, Poland, Finland, and Rumania, Japan, and other governments have created and maintained, armed and led against Russia.

Whole regions, inhabited by Jews, became a constant prey

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and loot for tens and hundreds of bands. Cities and towns constantly changed hands from one band to another.

And all these Black and White bands sent by your governments have distinguished themselves, even more than under the Czarist government, by their work of destruction of the Jewish population: they wanted to put upon the Jews the blame for Russia's sufferings, to drown the revolution in Jewish blood, and to build up the power of the Czar and landlords on heaps of Jewish bones. There were cities and towns that were in the hands of bands tens of times, and each of these armies and bands would begin with a Jewish pogrom and finish with it. With the slogan "Kill the Jews and Save Russia" whole cities and towns were massacred. Without mercy they killed everybody, from grandfathers to infants, not to speak of men in their prime. It was a deliberate plan to annihilate the Jewish population. This was done by the armies and bands of Denikin and Wrangel, the Haidamaks and Petlura, the Poles, the men of Savinkov and Bulak-Balakhovitch, with their various atamans, batkos, and generals. And they were all armed and supported by governments of the League of Nations.

Jewish workers! Jewish citizens! The struggle which your governments have waged against Russia through the agency of the Black and White bands and armies, besides causing the millions of widows, orphans, and invalids of the imperialist war, has brought the number of pogrom victims up to millions. In the Ukraine alone and only up to the middle of 1920 there were registered more than 2,000 pogroms in 600 localities, with more than 500,000 victims, of whom about 150,000 were killed, 250,000 wounded and maimed, about 50,000 widows and 200,000 orphans; a staggering number of raped women, of whom more than half are suffering from venereal diseases. The number of those who have been completely ruined is enormous. There are many who have gone through several pogroms, some who have endured ten, twenty, thirty pogroms.

The Jewish masses have been utterly ruined by the pogroms. The houses, workshops, all property belonging to the Jewish population have been deliberately destroyed, cities and towns completely wiped out, whole families annihilated.

This is what the Jewish population of Russia owes to your states, to your governments, to your ruling classes.

Jewish workers! Jewish citizens! Our Soviet Government has spent billions to help the sufferers, to save the children and cripples, to restore the ruins, to heal the wounds. But impoverished and ruined has our Soviet Republic come out of the claws of your governments. All her efforts to relieve the sufferings of the pogromed are not sufficient to meet the needs, and all relief funds collected by the Jews of America and other countries are as naught compared with the destruction. The Jewish workers are poor. The Jewish bourgeoisie contributes pennies for relief and at the same time it is in the camp of those who have armed and directed the pogrom bands.

Workers! Citizens! In their numerous addresses to the Jewish Public Committee for the Relief of Pogrom Sufferers the pogromed masses of Russia maintain that it is urgent *to force the states which are to blame for their plight, the states which had organized, inspired, sent, and directed the Black and White bands, to restore with their means the ruined households; to save, relieve, and care for the crippled and raped, the widows and orphans.*

This is the demand of the Jewish pogromed masses which they address to the Genoa Conference through the Russian delegation.

Workers! Citizens! The fate of your old cities and towns, your relatives and friends, is at stake. Think of the part your government and ruling classes have taken in this work of destruction, in this crusade against the Jewish population! Will you allow all this to go unpunished, will you allow the guilty of your country to be free from the obligation of restoring what they have ruined and destroyed? It is your sacred duty to influence your government, whether it participated in the conference or not, to support the demand of the pogromed Jewish masses of Russia for indemnities, for the restoration of the ruins, for the relief of the sufferings.

Jewish workers! Jewish citizens! It is your duty. Call mass meetings, conferences, congresses of the Jewish masses and of all the toiling population of your country; demand of the Socialist and labor representatives in parliaments and local councils, of the trade unions and other labor associations, that the guilty governments furnish the means for the restoration of the pogromed. Demand that the delegation of your country support the claims of the Jewish pogromed masses of Russia who will be represented at the conference by the Russian delegation.

Let a storm of protest be raised in your country against all that the Jewish masses of Russia have suffered at the hands of your governments. Let the whole population be drawn into this movement. Think of the part your ruling classes and parties, including the Jewish bourgeoisie with the Zionist organization at its head, have played in organizing the counter-revolutionary assaults against Soviet Russia, assaults which have inevitably always been and still are accompanied by Jewish pogroms. Press your demand, the demand of the pogromed to your government.

Pay your debt. Restore what you have ruined.

Moscow, February 18, 1922.

Citizens' Rights in Haiti

A MEETING of protest was called at Port au Prince, for April 5. The call to the Haitian people says in part:

Protest against any election by the Council of State, an illegal and an unconstitutional body; protest against the convention imposed upon our nation and demand its abrogation; protest in the name of true civilization against the unjustifiable military occupation of our country by foreign forces in violation of all principles of international law; protest against the loan, a rope around our necks, which imperialistic financiers wish to impose upon the Republic of Haiti; protest, finally, against the unexplained, unjustified dispatch to our country of a high commissioner—one more humiliation inflicted upon our nation.

Thus, we call upon you all who still feel some dignity and some love for your country, to join with us on April 5, to manifest and protest with all the force of a patriot's soul. . . .

The demonstration, which will be conducted entirely in silence, will leave from the Place du Champ-de-Mars at six in the morning.

ALPHONSE HENRIQUEZ,
President of the League of Haitian Youth

To insure the orderly nature of the assemblage, Mr. Henriquez wrote a letter to General McDougal, Commanding Officer of the Gendarmerie at Port au Prince, in which he detailed the plans for the demonstration and said:

We take the liberty of thus notifying you in order that you may take whatever steps you deem necessary to maintain the necessary order, so that this projected manifestation may be conducted without mishap.

To this courteous request the following answer was dispatched by General McDougal:

MR. ALPHONSE HENRIQUEZ
DEAR SIR:

The Minister of the Interior in his letter of the 28th of March, No. 598R11CS, has informed the Gendarmerie of Haiti that the Government has decided to prevent all manifestations of the kind you have described, for such manifestations serve only to agitate the mind and to impair public order. In conformity with the decision of the Government, I regret to inform you that the manifestation planned by you shall not take place.

Consider yourself forewarned, dear sir, and accept the assurance of my best wishes.

D. C. MCDOUGAL, Chief of the Gendarmerie

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A Warning to American Bankers

LE COURRIER HAITIEN, one of the leading dailies in the city of Port au Prince, carries in its issue of March 31 an article of protest. The article is headed: "The Haitian People Protest Anew Against the Proposed Loan of $15,000,000; It Makes Its Reservation Now to the House of Lee Higginson & Company of the Right to Repudiate That Loan When Opportunity Offers; It Denies to the Council of State the Right to Ratify Said Loan in the Name of the Haitian People. . . ."

The Council of State has not the right to ratify a loan in the name of the Haitian people. If it did it the people would reserve to itself the right to reject said loan when opportunity offers. In order that the banking house of Lee Higginson & Company may not be taken by surprise in the future the following cable was sent to it by *Le Courrier Haitien:*

"The Haitian people protest against a loan not ratified by a Haitian Congress.* It reserves the right to repudiate that loan when occasion offers. If despite this sound advice this banking house advances $15,000,000 to the Haitian Government, it will be at its own risk."

We declare again that the Council of State is merely an extension of the executive. It is not clad with any legislative power. For five years we have been plunged in complete anarchy. Everything that this Council does is subject to revision. It did one thing, it did another; it declared war against Germany, it ratified the Treaty of Versailles.

Because this Council of State has usurped certain rights that did not belong to it, does that mean that everything that it does is legal? A thousand times no. . . .

Tomorrow, and this tomorrow may be very near, when we are relieved of all foreign domination, the first act of the sovereign people will be to repudiate the loan of $15,000,000, which it never contracted.

May the house of Lee Higginson & Company hereby take notice.

* The Haitian Congress has not been allowed to meet since its dissolution by U. S. Marines in 1917.

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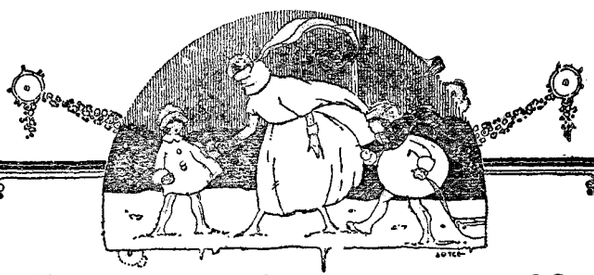

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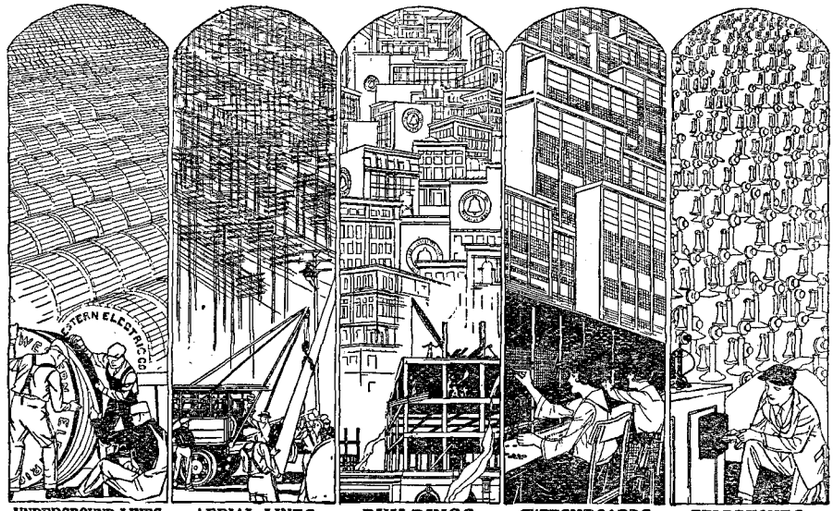

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1,875,000 miles of wire, enclosed in 1,500 miles of cable, were added to underground and submarine lines in 1921. New underground duct totaling 11,000,000 feet was constructed, this representing approximately 300 miles of subway. 69 new central office buildings and important additions were completed or in progress, and new switchboards with a capacity of many thousands of connections were installed.

This equipment added to the Bell System, great though it is in volume and value, represents but a small part of the vast property which enables the telephone on your desk to give the service to which you are accustomed. And to meet the increasing demands for new service, the work of construction goes on.

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